Bull, September 21, 1929
WOPENCE

No. 1214.
Vol. XLVI.

JOHN BULL

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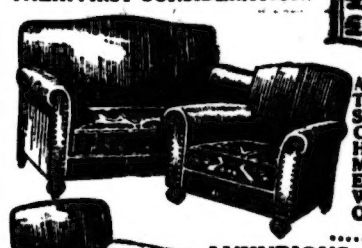

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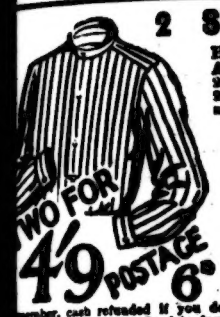

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SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING
(Continued from opposite page)

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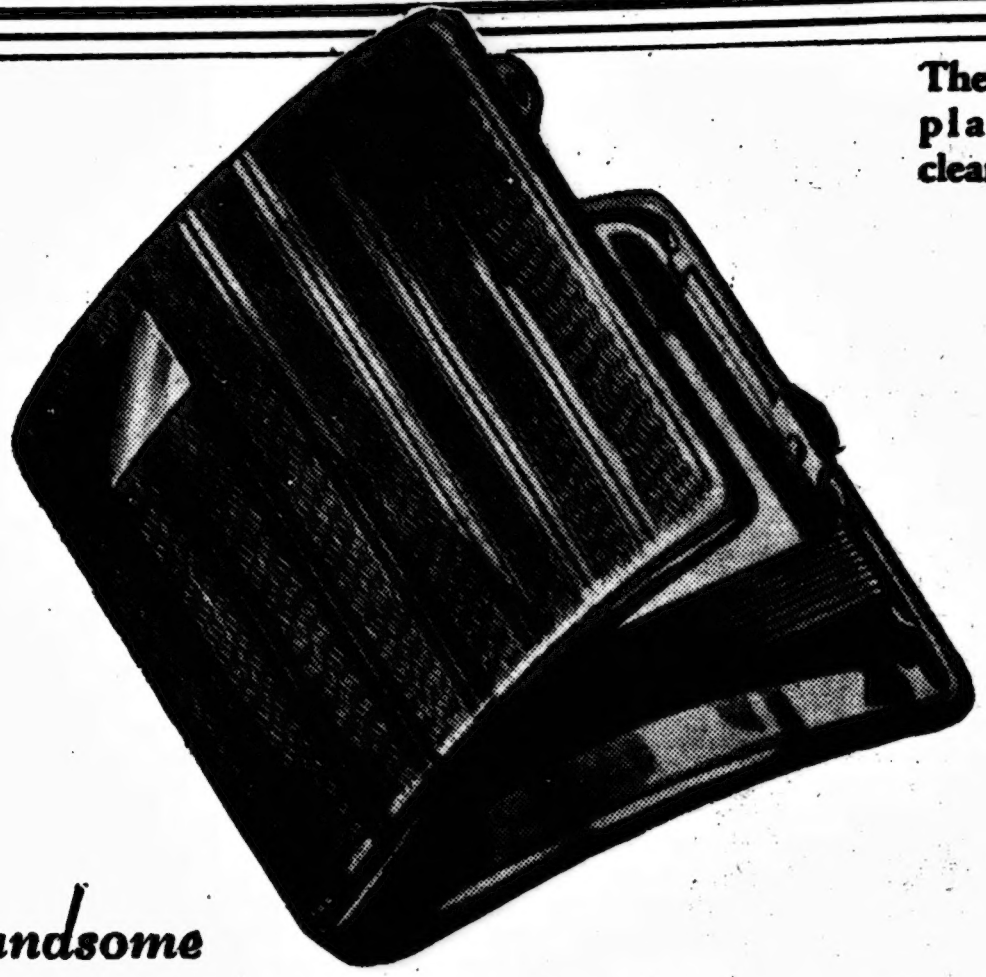

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for Week ending Saturday, Sept. 21, 1929. Twopence.
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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Truth about the Cabinet Split—Sweet, but Very Wrong

Peers Quarrel: Public Suffers

Wall Street Hopes

THE newspapers were quite wrong with their tale of a "split in the Cabinet" over Mr. Henderson's Geneva pledges.

No split occurred on this estion. But a serious divergence of inion took place—and still persists—ncerning the despatch of a second in-ation to Russia to resume diplomatic ations with this country.

* * *

Some members of the Cabinet held at, by abruptly recalling M. valevsky from London and declaring at no disputed points could be dis-ssed before full relations were re-ablished, the Soviet Government uted the British advances.

To invite a second slap in the face, ey feared, would seriously damage r prestige, particularly in the East, ere mildness and conciliation are nsidered identical with weakness.

* * *

Now, although the second slap has en risked, those who opposed risk-g it still hold their opinion un-anged.

Perhaps they will have a chance to "We told you so!" to the col-gues who overruled them.

Who starts war?

Mr. Henderson's support at Geneva the Draft Convention on financial sistance to countries which are vic-ms of aggression has provoked a rious outcry throughout the country. There is, however, nothing new in e Convention. It has been under cussion in Geneva for some years st, and has continuously enjoyed the pport of the British delegates.

* * *

Its most objectionable feature is, per-ps, that it is based on the same prin-ple as the notorious Protocol of 1924, hich provided that military and naval sistance be given to countries wrong-lly attacked.

No sure method has yet been dis-vered for determining, in the event conflict, who is the aggressor and o the attacked.

Willy and Winnie

What is behind Mr. Winston urchill's visit this week to San meon, the vast Californian ranch of . William Randolph Hearst, the nerican newspaper magnate?

Hitherto the views of these two per-nalities on international politics, and most every other subject under the n, have been violently antagonistic. That, of course, has not prevented . Churchill from contributing icles to Mr. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan gazine*. Maybe there is a fat literary ntract in the offing.

Pushing through it

So vaguely framed was the section the new Companies Act prohibiting use-to-house hawking of shares at spurious company promoters and eir shares salesmen have made the gislature look silly.

* * *

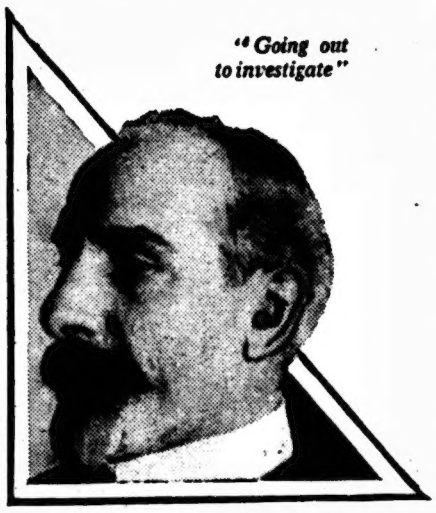
The share-pushers have devised two thods to defeat the Act.

Before descending on a town they ke a list of possible "dupes," and nd telegrams, with replies prepaid (or else telephone), asking if they can call to discuss urgent business.

A criminal charge cannot thus be made against them, because they have the defence that their visit was by consent and arrangement.

Sugar-sticks

In order to keep up prices to that mysterious point known as the "economic level" many employers are guilty of deliberately restricting output. Workers, however, are roundly condemned by their employers when they do the same thing.



"Going out to investigate"

The cane-sugar industry in the West Indies is in a bad way to-day, largely as a result of a policy of restriction adopted two years ago.

Lord Olivier is going out to investigate the position. It is to be hoped that he will remember the fiasco in the rubber industry when the same policy was adopted, and put a stop to this attempt to force up food prices.

We learnt the value of sugar during the war, and it has been too dear ever since.

Time, gentlemen

The differences between Lord Kylsant, the shipping peer, and his brother, Lord St. Davids, which created an interesting situation in the City a month or two back, are not by any means settled yet.

You may expect a fresh outbreak in a few weeks' time. The quarrel provides good copy for the newspapers, but it has cost shareholders in the Royal Mail Steam Packet and other companies a pretty penny through falls in the shares.

We suggest it is time the two noble lords made it up.

Edgar goes down

The exploits of Edgar Manning, who has just been sentenced to penal servitude for receiving stolen goods, are well known to readers of JOHN BULL, as we have exposed him again and again.

Drug-trafficker, bully of the worst type, disorderly-house keeper, this coloured scoundrel twice brought impudent actions against us for libel, the last occasion being when we exposed his dangerous Soho resort known as "Eddie's Bar," in which a fourteen-year-old Watford girl had been found after being missing from home for several days.

Many are the people Manning has ruined, and more than one person has died following association with this drug-fiend, who had an extraordinary fascination over white women.

It is a pity that there are no means of ridding the country of him altogether.

Just as we said

Some weeks ago we warned our readers that there would shortly be a general drift of Conservative ex-Cabinet Ministers to the City.

Since we published this forecast eight prominent members of Mr. Baldwin's last Cabinet have taken up commercial directorships, including "Jix," Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Sir L. Worthington-Evans.

This wholesale migration to the City can only mean that the leaders of the Conservative Party do not expect to return to office in a hurry.

They would scarcely take the trouble to collect a bag of directorships unless they foresaw a considerable stay in the political wilderness.

Are you a smuggler?

If our Customs Department paid more attention to the wholesale smuggling of excisable goods, and less to the innocent and trivial mistakes of holiday-makers, it would better justify the purpose for which it exists.

This year Customs officers at the ports have seized immense quantities of small bottles of eau-de-Cologne, perfumes, and the like, which people returning from a holiday on the Continent or in the Channel Islands had brought home as souvenirs or presents to friends.

It seems that the foreign manufacturers generally make the bottles a shade too large, and they contain a minutely greater quantity of spirit than is permitted to be brought into the country duty-free.

Confiscation in these circumstances is simply childish.

The great henroost

Among the features of Mr. Snowden's Budget we expect to find a small initial tax on land values, estimated to bring in from 50 to 100 million pounds.

The Chancellor is a firm believer in direct taxation, and may, by tapping this new source, be able to abolish certain indirect taxes, unless Mr. Thomas' schemes for reducing unemployment swallow up too much money.

The Liberals can be counted on to support this land tax; but the Conservatives will, of course, fight it tooth and nail.

Super-advertising

Good results are already being felt by British firms as a result of our Schneider Trophy victory

Vickers, who built the winning machine, are getting more enquiries from abroad. So are Rolls-Royce, who built its engine.

Several orders which would otherwise almost certainly have gone to America will probably come here.

This is the reply to people who ask what is the use of such contests.

The dollar empire

Little has been said in this country about the Young Plan proposal to establish an international bank. In America, too, there is a strange reticence on this subject.

But Wall Street has the scheme very much in mind, and is engaged in a quiet manipulation of many strings.

However much White House may desire to keep aloof from Europe, the Wall Street financiers have visions of an American Financial Empire, and they see in the international bank their opportunity.

Helping posterity

It is surprising to learn that the National Debt is practically the same to-day as it was four years ago, and that at the rate of reduction since 1926 there will still be a substantial sum to clear off at the end of 300 years.

"Because of his skill in finance"

Also interest and management expenses on the National Debt were almost £2,000,000 more last year than in the year to March, 1926.

Perhaps Mr Pethick-Lawrence, who, because of his skill in finance, is at the Treasury as Mr. Snowden's right-hand man, will show the country how to bring down the debt, as it is supposed to be brought down, by £60,000,000 a year.

A Ministry of Commerce?

Big business is urging the Government to set up a department to advance British trade.

It is suggested that it should be called the Ministry of Commerce, and should incorporate certain of the functions of the Foreign Office, the Board of Trade, the Department of Overseas Trade and the Ministry of Labour.

At present it is often difficult to get valuable information owing to red-tape.

As sensible as any

As if to ridicule their more civilised brethren, the natives of Ambrym, in the New Hebrides, are now treading the warpath also. But unlike other people, who often do not know what they are fighting about, the Ambrymians have a clear-cut issue.

Their opponents, they claim, are responsible for the recent volcanic disturbances in the New Hebrides.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Making it awkward

The ways of the Ministry of Pensions are a constant source of surprise to outsiders and of despair to pensioners. Why, for instance, is the Ministry increasingly restricting medical treatment to "inside patients"?

As a result of this policy, many ex-Service men who could quite well be treated by local doctors are obliged to give up their work and go into the institutions of the Ministry.

They receive a full 100 per cent. pension while they remain there, but on their discharge they may have to spend months, and even years, looking for new work.

His reward

When Sir Josiah Stamp, President of the Executive of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, has a moment to spare from his arduous task of formulating Reparations policies, we advise him to look into the case of Signalman R. L. Compton, who is now being penalised for having stuck to his post during the general strike.

We have before us an elaborate document certifying that Compton served the company loyally in time of emergency.

But he was subsequently asked to resign his post as he was a "marked man," and now the grateful company has obtained an order for his ejectment from his flat in Finsbury.

Compton has a wife and family, and is now absolutely destitute.

Thorns in the gardens

Some scandalously low wages are being paid to workers in market-gardens, and, as a result of certain instances which have recently come to its notice, the Workers' Union is organising a special drive with a view to getting the people concerned into the union and improving their wages.

One of the cases reported to the union headquarters by Mr. W. Underwood, of Barnsbury, concerned gooseberry-pickers in the Gillingham district, who, he said, were being paid only 9d. a bushel for the berries they picked, which worked out at about 2d. an hour.

Taking notice

When the Dean of Westminster announced some weeks ago that, despite opposition, he had decided to start at once knocking holes in Westminster Abbey in order to build his new sacristy, we warned him that he was asking for trouble.

The Dean has now decided that it will be better to go slowly and has postponed his proposed building operations for three months, so that he may think things over.

Before the end of the three months, Parliament will be sitting again, and perhaps some M.P.s will raise the matter in the House and tell the Dean that if he must have a sacristy he had better build it underground, and leave the fabric of the Abbey alone.

Smashed?

Our readers may expect to hear any day that the scheme to create a farmers' and dairymen's monopoly in milk is dead.

Public opinion, led by JOHN BULL, has proved too strong for the "conspirators."

Farmers and dairymen, however, must not take it that the refusal to grant them a national monopoly absolves them from the responsibility of so reorganising the milk trade that consumers will get a purer and cheaper supply.

Bells, bells, bells

We are not surprised that the authorities of Westminster Hospital are protesting against the nerve-racking din created recently on a Saturday evening at St. Margaret's Church opposite by the ringing of the bells for three hours on end.

Campanology, as the old-fashioned art of bell-ringing is called, has many devotees in this country, but they usually select village belfries for their clangorous exercises.

To have grandsire caters and triple bob majors, and all the other outlandish names by which ringing the changes is known, going on in a city like London, where every church bell is within sound of a hospital, is intolerable.

Setting an example

The Australian Government's embargo on the importation of potatoes from New Zealand appears to be a short-sighted policy, for in Sydney shops fair-sized potatoes have reached the fantastic price of 4½d. each.

When sister colonies do not support each other, it scarcely tends to further the cause of Empire-marketing propaganda on this side.

Museum or tomb?

The Industrial Museum in Westminster, which was opened a few years ago by the Duke of York and is run by the Home Office, was established to promote healthier factory conditions and to encourage the fullest use of the latest safety devices for the protection of the workers.

To-day it is forgotten and neglected. Practically no one ever visits it, and its exceptionally interesting and valuable exhibits are left to be admired by the curator and the staff.

Mr. Clynes should take an early opportunity of visiting the museum, and taking steps to make it a real live

He opened it

object-lesson in how modern factories should be run.

If, on the other hand, it is to be left as deserted as a cemetery at midnight, the sooner it is closed down the better.

Number, please!

Although the London Telephone Service is celebrating its jubilee this month, there are a number of prominent firms in the City which still look on the telephone as an invention of the devil and refuse to have anything to do with it. Among them are about twenty legal firms of standing.

Subscribers in the London area now number 640,000, which works out at a low percentage when compared with many other cities.

Londoners have apparently not yet got the telephone habit. Many large concerns still omit their telephone numbers from their letter-heads. The London Telephone Service is itself an offender in this respect.

The death station

Cilgerran Police Station, in North Pembrokeshire, has acquired the reputation of a miniature Black Hole of Calcutta—a place which kills its inmates.

During the past few years every family which has come to live in this scandalously unhealthy building has been destroyed in health and happiness.

Since the present occupier arrived, two of his sons have died and his wife has become a chronic invalid. Similar bereavements have visited every other occupier for years past.

The Chief Constable of Pembrokeshire must pull down this death-trap and build an adequate station in its place.

Reply to an S O S

We shall follow with sympathetic interest the activities of Vice-Admiral J. G. Armstrong, Vice-Admiral S. R.

Vice-Admiral Drury-Lowe—"breezy" and "in control"

Drury-Lowe and the Rev. N. C. H. Coley, of the Cranleigh School Mission, who are the directors of a newly formed S O S Society, promoted to provide a hostel for destitute unemployed on premises at Mount Pleasant.

Those who have worked among the down-and-out and despairing know that too often the common lodging-houses into which they are driven are dens of iniquity, where hardened crooks congregate in the hope of recruiting accomplices.

With two breezy naval officers and a cheery sky-pilot in control, Mount Pleasant should indeed become a haven of refuge.

Hidden eleven years

Once again we have been able to circumvent the Board of Lunacy Control.

Three months ago we called attention to the plight of Mr. A. J. Burt, of Park Gate, near Southampton, whose wife disappeared during an illness eleven years before.

Only this summer he learned accidentally that she had been admitted years ago to an asylum "somewhere in England." The Board of Control had deliberately refrained from telling him that his wife was in its charge.

Even when the Board was questioned it would not admit that it had the woman in custody, and later, when it was compelled to admit the fact, point-blank refusals were given to requests for the name of the institution.

Our Investigation Department has now discovered that Mrs. Burt is being kept, in another name, at Cheadle, in Cheshire, and her husband has been informed of her whereabouts.

In the neck

Will the rank and file favour the military decision to press for the trial of all soldiers by courts-martial instead of by civilian courts?

Two cases in point are reported from Aldershot.

The first is that of George Pitt, of the Royal Engineers, who has just been tried for the theft of a comrade's civilian clothes and desertion.

Evidence was produced that Pitt borrowed the clothing and "deserted" under the pressure of a distressing domestic tragedy. The court-martial sentenced him to six months in a civilian prison.

In the second case, Sidney Harry Jones, of the A.S.C., was charged before a civilian court for the theft of £9 10s. from a comrade's suitcase. He was bound over for twelve months.

Perseverance

It is a disturbing thought that in this country a person is allowed to go on attempting suicide until he succeeds.

William Webb, of Waite Street, Camberwell, who drowned himself the other day in the Grand Surrey Canal at Peckham, had already made at least three attempts to take his own life. Twice he tried to cut his throat, and a week before his death he tried to gas himself in an oven.

In neglecting to put this man under restraint, the authorities concerned have laid themselves open to a very serious charge.

How trouble starts

Serious allegations are made by miners regarding the working of the Coal Mines Act at Scottish collieries.

It is stated that shifts are started at any hour; that when statutory hours have been worked the men are required to continue indefinitely, under penalty of dismissal; and that eight or nine shifts per week is a common ordeal.

We ask the Mines Department to enquire into the allegations.

Our mistake

There can hardly be a newspaper in this country that has not, at some time or another, confused the names of Lord Desborough and Lord Beaverborough.

We fell into the error two weeks ago in addressing some remarks to Lord Desborough concerning the policy of the Hotels and Restaurants Association. Lord Bessborough is, of course, chairman of that organisation.

Doctor Greatheart

His real name is Dr. Castle, and his home town is believed to be Boston, Massachusetts. Where he is now nobody knows, least of all the woman whom he succoured in the hour of her great need.

Mrs. Middleton, of Leicester, the wife of a soldier in the British Army of Occupation in Germany, was taken ill while travelling home.

The doctor, a fellow-passenger on the boat from Ostend, attended her, saw her safely across the Channel, took her to St. Pancras, travelled with her to Leicester, engaged another doctor and a nurse on the way to her home, and stayed in the house until her child was safely born the next day.

He neither asked nor accepted any recompense, and the card he left behind him has been lost.

If hands cannot reach across the sea hearts can.

Perhaps prison's better

For real, heartless severity, we commend Mr. W. A. Stonebridge, magistrate of Ely, who has just sentenced a man to three months' imprisonment for running away from the Ely Poor Law Institution.

What sort of sentence, we wonder, does Mr. Stonebridge reserve for real crimes?

Just pigheaded

The Manchester Watch Committee has not created a good impression by its refusal to listen to a deputation of Nonconformists in the Gorton district who wanted to lay before it their claims to a change of day for their next Whitsuntide procession.

These religious processions are a big feature of the North, and the Gorton Nonconformists probably had a very good reason for wanting to change the date allotted to them.

The committee might at least have listened to it.

Eve taught him

Dublin courts are resolved to put down apple-stealing, which is said to be prevalent among local youths.

In dealing with a young lad who had stolen twelve apples from a tree, Mr. E. A. Collins, K.C., stated that he would impose a salutary term of imprisonment on any further case of apple-stealing. Meanwhile he sentenced the lad to fourteen days' imprisonment and ordered the payment of 4s. 6d. to the owner of the tree.

Mr. Collins seems never to have been young himself, or he would know that lure an apple-tree exercises in every normal boy.

"The Flying Scotsman of 1945 will rush behind a giant electric locomotive." Here you see to-day's steam Flying Scotsman and an idea of what its electric successors will be like. Portrait: Lord Weir, who presides over this Government Committee

The GREAT WHITE HONEYCOMB

by C. W. OLLIVER,

B.A., B.Sc., E.S.E.,

who is an eminent authority on electric railways

THE Government has appointed a Committee of Enquiry to consider the question of electrifying Britain's main-line railways. It consists of three members—Lord Weir, Sir William McLintock, and Sir Ralph edgwood, general manager of the L.N.E.R.

This fact opens up the possibility of a rail- y revolution in Britain. Looking forward, thout unwarranted optimism, we can see our ilways rejuvenated, supplied with a new ectric life-blood.

Expresses, drawn by electric locomotives, ar through the countryside, smokeless, swift d shining with clean paint. Huge freight- ains slip smoothly along, larger, quicker and ore punctual than any steam-hauled service.

Engine-drivers are no longer alternately ozen by winter rains and baked by their gines' fires. Fares are cheaper, trains more equent, travel more pleasant—and the rail- ys flourish once more, as they did in their lmy days.

Is this all a dream? Will it come true? I lieve it will; and it is my purpose here to plain to you the reasons for my belief.

The scheme to electrify our main lines is t new. It has rather been delayed by the mpulsory grouping of our railway companies.

Have we lost as a nation through this lay? In my opinion, we have not lost, but ined; because the grouping of the railways s an invaluable step towards a standardised stem of electrification.

Further, we are now in a position to profit the experience of our Continental neigh- urs, particularly the French, who have, ring the last few years, electrified hundreds miles of their main lines.

Railway electrification will naturally be osely connected with the vast schemes covered the recent Electricity Supply Act. The ccess of these schemes, moreover, hinges on a emendous increase in the demand for electric wer, which, it is expected, must follow the tablishment of a ring of power-stations.

T is clear that the simultaneous inception of a system of electrified railways throughout the country will enormously enhance the utility of the electricity scheme, and *vice rsâ*.

This will not only help railways and their stomers, but it will also materially reduce the st of electricity to all consumers supplied by e Central Electricity Board.

Perhaps no form of undertaking requires ch a variety of labour as railway work. So e electrification on a large scale of the British es would go a very long way to solve the employment problem. And this solution uld be a lasting one, since the work of electri- ation would not be completed for perhaps a arter of a century.

It is not perhaps generally known that over ty trades are involved in the manufacture of single railway coach. Also the work of elec- fying the actual tracks would call for large mbers of both skilled and unskilled men, sides stimulating our steel industry to an tivity unknown since the war.

It has been argued that the electrification our main lines would seriously damage the al industry. While it is true that less coal would be used, the same objection can be raised in connection with the Electricity Supply Act. It is a short-sighted view at its best.

From an entirely different point of view, electrification of railways is necessary to any progressive country.

The steam locomotive has been considerably improved of late years; but it remains at best a very inefficient machine. Engineers will tell you that its overall efficiency from coal to wheels is only about 7 per cent.

This means that for every hundredweight of coal which a railway company purchases, and for which, therefore, the public pays, only 7 lb. is converted into useful work.

You will say this is a mere question of improvement. It is not. It is a scientific fact that no steam-engine can have an efficiency much above this figure, however much it is improved, unless it is of far greater bulk than can be carried on a locomotive's frame.

Railway electrification means just this: the removal of the steam-engine to a proper power-station, where steam can be efficiently produced and the utilisation of the energy obtained in a rational manner just where it is wanted.

Consider, again, the "stand-by losses," the countless engines which stand about all over the country with steam up, burning coal, costing money, and doing nothing in return. Electrification would cut out this waste.

There is a further point. Steam traction is dirty. It is a discomfort to every passenger. There are soot and grit, smoky tunnels and similar drawbacks which are unknown on electric railways.

Moreover, it is not merely a question of discomfort, but, again, one of cost. Soot is highly corrosive, and the maintenance of coaches, tunnels and stations is thus costly.

Over a given distance, more stopping-places can be allowed to the electric train, thus increasing the utility of the railway to potential customers who at present prefer the 'bus to the horrors of slow local trains.

This is due to the fact that the acceleration of an electric train—that is, the time it takes to come up to full speed after a stop—is incomparably greater than that of a steam train. These advantages have already proved their worth on suburban lines.

Another argument against electrification which I should like to kill runs as follows: "It is all very well for France to electrify her railways, but look at her natural water-power! Power just waiting to be used, free power!"

Nothing can be further from the truth. It is a mistake to think that once a waterfall has been harnessed, one just keeps on getting power from it at no cost at all.

The truth is that the capital involved in harnessing water-power is so considerable that the interest which must be paid on it makes water-generated electricity as expensive as that generated from steam. Sometimes steam-generated power is even cheaper.

ON the other hand, we have one water-power scheme of great importance in this country—the Severn Barrage Scheme. The capital involved is enormous and many have doubted the wisdom of the whole undertaking.

But with the advent of main-line electrification the Severn Scheme becomes almost a necessity, and its success is assured.

Many difficulties and problems remain to be solved; but I do not doubt that the Flying Scotsman of 1945 will rush from London to Edinburgh behind a giant electric locomotive.

Electrification is rational, economical—almost inevitable. The work it will involve must employ hundreds of thousands, revive stagnant industries; and its achievement will place our national transport system on an efficient basis, able to cope with the demands of present-day industry.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Where's Your Spanner, HERBERT?

Unworthy Schneider Celebrations
Look to the Tar—Parson's "Old Rome" Mania

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR MORRISON,—It is really time you looked into the growing complaints against charabanc firms, many of which are failing signally in their duties to the public.

It is a common occurrence nowadays for excursionists with return-tickets to be left stranded in out-of-the-way places because grasping conductors have already filled their seats with new fares.

Charabanc concerns should not be allowed to forget that there are laws governing such matters. Nor should they be allowed to ply for hire with the antiquated and decrepit vehicles which are too often seen on our roads.

Besides being a perfect purgatory to the unfortunate passengers, such relics of a sometimes very distant past are often enough a real danger to other traffic as well.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD THOMSON,
Minister for Air

DEAR LORD THOMSON,—It was naturally expected that the British Government would offer some sort of hospitality to the members of the victorious Schneider Trophy team and to their gallant Italian rivals; but something more worthy of the occasion than a semi-private luncheon party in a quiet room in a Piccadilly hotel was hoped for.

I know quite well that these brave lads do not seek the glamour of publicity, but it would have delighted many to have honoured them as heroes should be honoured.

If peace has its victories no less renowned than war, do not deprive us of all opportunity of celebrating them in a fitting manner.

JOHN BULL.

Miss FANNY ADAM,
Sub-Postmistress, Morden

DEAR MADAM,—You are a worthy custodian of His Majesty's mails.

When an armed raider entered your shop and demanded money you might well have been scared out of your wits, being an elderly lady, and yielded.

What you actually did was to go to the door and blow a police-whistle, at which your visitor bolted, with your young niece hard on his heels.

I don't know what he expected to find behind your counter, but I expect he will remember for a long time his visit to Morden, when he found Miss Fanny Adam.

JOHN BULL.

Captain H. E. HOBBS,
Secretary, National Dog Week

DEAR CAPTAIN,—Surely you have established a record in raising over £13,000 for the Royal Veterinary College at a total cost of £2 7s. 3d.

In doing so you have set a shining example to other charitable organisations.

It happens too often that almost the whole of the money subscribed on such occasions is swallowed up by collection expenses.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. STENSON COOKE,
Secretary, Automobile Association

SIR,—The powerful organisation of which you are secretary claims to look after the interests of motorists. But to judge from the potholes and messy surfaces of many of the roads leading into London you are neglecting a part of your job.

Soft, tarry roads are an abomination to motorists and pedestrians alike.

The remedy is clear. Next time one of your members is sued for ruining the clothes of a pedestrian bring a test case against the local authority for allowing roads to fall into such a disgusting state.

JOHN BULL.

The MOTHER-SUPERIOR.
Convent of Adoration, Chelsea

DEAR MOTHER-SUPERIOR,—Your sweet and saintly appeal on behalf of the chauffeur who accidentally killed one of the Sisters of your convent has surely touched all those who read it as deeply as it touched the coroner to whom it was addressed.

The sordid things of life pass, for the most part, unheeded outside your convent walls. But when, as has just happened, you venture into the outside world, you leave us with a curious, lingering feeling that we are somehow the better for your sweet presence.

JOHN BULL.

The Very Rev. W. MOORE EDE, D.D.,
The Deanery, Worcester

VERY REV. SIR,—I stand amazed at the narrow-minded bigotry responsible for banning a gifted singer from participation in the Three Choirs Festival in Worcester Cathedral because of a past and forgotten case in the Divorce Court.

I am left to assume that you arrogate to yourself the right to refuse forgiveness and redemption, a strange attitude for a representative of One Who said, "Neither do I condemn thee."

All that you would reply, when asked why this lady had not been allowed to sing in the cathedral, was "I have nothing to say." What indeed could you have to say?

JOHN BULL.

Capt. J. T. BRINKLEY, O.B.E.,
Chief Constable, Warwickshire

SIR,—Meriden, famous for its beauty and for being the centre of England, is unfortunately becoming famous also as a death-trap.

The latest victim of the rotten traffic arrangements of your village is little Arthur Douglas, who was knocked down and killed by a lorry the other day.

His death brings the total of Meriden's road deaths up to thirty-five for the past eighteen months alone. This terrible waste of life must be stopped. What are you going to do about it?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. GEIKIE COBB, ***Chairman,***
Marriage Law Reform League

REV. SIR,—It is your extraordinary opinion that the dissolution of marriage should be dependent merely on the will of the two people concerned, "as in old Rome."

Why you drag in Rome I cannot imagine. We are 2,000 years wiser now, and I hope more moral, too, than they were in the licentious days of Nero and Petronius.

If you need a really applicable parallel for your proposed Bolshevisation of our marriage laws, what's wrong with Russia?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. MICHAEL MORRIS,
Victoria Road, Cleveleys, Fleetwood

SIR,—You paid a girl fifteen shillings a week to run your bookshop.

First you half-starved her, then you tempted her to steal a few shillings out of your handsome profits in order to buy food, and finally you denounced her to the police.

No girl could live on such a wage, let alone support a mother on it, as Margaret Turner tried to do. If crime she committed, then it rests tenfold on your miserable head.

JOHN BULL.

Scout T. H. LIVINGSTONE,
Kitchener Street, Birmingham

DEAR LIVINGSTONE.—You bear a brave man's name, and at the age of fifteen you have shown a man's bravery.

When you and your mother and little sister fell into the canal you, without aid, saved them both from drowning, taking your sister on your back and swimming with her to the rescue of your mother, who was sinking for the third time.

Such an effort might well have cost you your own life. If it had, your name would have lived on an undying scroll of fame. As it is, I am glad and proud to inscribe it on my roll of honour.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD: "There is no foreign country that can turn to us and say that we have made anything out of the war."

We haven't even yet made a land fit for heroes to live in.

* * *

MR. NOEL BUXTON: "We in this country ignore the value of bread."

Unfortunately, we cannot afford to ignore its price.

* * *

VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE: "The generation which was born during the war seems to be lacking in ideas. Not one of them up to date has stood out above his fellows and made himself felt in a world that thinks."

Rather a tall order for boys between eleven and fifteen years of age.

* * *

LORD PASSFIELD: "Tobacco and liquor are only dangerous to a man up to forty-five."

Because after that he doesn't care what happens?

NOT from 2LO—*Mary, Doug. and Bill in*—

TAMING the "World's Sweetheart"

WHEN there are daring deeds to do,
Or lovely maids to win and woo,
I am the man to see things through—
They always send for me!
When I gird up my loins and fight,
Foiled villains fall to left and right,
Or else, in terror of my might,
In all directions flee!

Of fists I have a handy pair,
Flappers, in throes of rapture, stare
At my well-moulded calves, and wear
My image next their hearts.
From windows high I gaily leap.
Scale chasms dangerously steep,
And ride wild mustangs in my sleep,
For I'm a man of parts.

In fact, there's nothing you can name
To tackle which I am not game;
And now the glamour of my fame
I'm lending to the Bard!
Yes, Shakespeare for long has been
Neglected, but when on the screen
I in a play of his am seen
Re also will be "starred"!

Sure, bo', you can take it from me that it's about time W. Shakespeare was rescued from the pedagogues and pedants. I've been giving his plays the once-over, and I'll tell the world there's a whole heap of human interest in them. That's why Mary and I decided to make a "talkie" of "The Taming of the Shrew."

As I've told some of your newspaper boys, "The Taming" is "a typical Amurikan comedy," and I guess "it will go right down." I only wish Shakespeare was alive, so I could pass him the glad mitt and put him in the way of meeting the "World's Sweetheart."

* * *

And I guess he would appreciate my Mary. And wasn't his own sweetie named Mary?—you know, Mary Pittou, the Dark Dame of the Sonnets.

Some folk seem to think William should be put on a pedestal and worshipped while his plays remain on the top shelf unread. But before we've finished I guess your lil ole Bard will be as well known as Henry Ford.

* * *

As a play, I reckon "The Taming of the Shrew" has "Abie's Irish Rose" beaten to a frazzle.

If W. Shakespeare was alive to-day there's not a producer in Hollywood wouldn't want him as caption-writer. Since I discovered him I can scarcely open my mouth without talking blank verse stuff like he wrote:

Friends, Romans,
countrymen:
lend me your
ears.
I sure could
speak a mouth-
ful in praise
Of William, for the magic of his mind
Has knocked me endways. Even Mary's
face,
Which as you know has launched a
hundred films
And might have burned the towers of
Ilium,
Is not more potent than your William's
pen.
That fellow sure could pull the power
stuff!
And all the songs of all the Singing
Fools,
And all the tears of all the Sonny Boys
Like stricken mooncalves wailing
through the world,
Will be forgotten when my wife and I
Are seen and heard together in "The
Shrew."
Then will the Bard, though pedants
howl and cuss,
Assume his rightful throne—alongside
US!

Famous HEALER SHAMEFULLY EXPLOITED

SIX months ago we criticised the prospectus of a company called Coueism, Limited, which was then appealing to the public for subscriptions to the tune of £75,000.

The Board of Directors bore some imposing names, including those of Sir John Pratt, Kt., J.P.; Colonel Robert Elton Home, C.B.E., D.S.O.; Mr. Thomas Ernest Jackson, M.B.E., and Professor Henri Baptiste Passat.

But this did not deter us from tearing to pieces certain statements in the prospectus and from warning the public not to part with a penny.

Although the prospectus was silent on the subject, the big man behind this venture, as we revealed at the time, was Mr. William Francis Mitchell, who was then living at the Park Lane Hotel, Mayfair.

It is significant that, within a few days of the appearance of our article, Mr. Mitchell recovered sufficiently from the shock it undoubtedly caused him to travel post-haste to Belgium, abandoning his Holborn offices for a Brussels hotel.

Prompt as he

With almost equal promptitude, one of the company's creditors applied in the High Court for a winding-up order against the concern.

The result of this action has recently been made public in certain newspapers by the printing of extracts from the Official Receiver's report on the company's affairs.

Readers will be delighted to learn that JOHN BULL has thus brought about the winding-up of this company.

They will also be interested in the following exclusive facts regarding the career of William Francis Mitchell, who is still in hiding at Brussels.

Contrary to the general belief, he is not an American by birth, but was born at Brantford, in Canada, in 1869, where he began work as a boy on his father's farm.

Few who knew him then can have imagined that the farm lad was one day destined to cut a fashionable figure in London.

He left the farm to become a traveller for a firm of stationers.

Trick-cyclist once

Next he qualified as a trick-cyclist in a small travelling circus in the United States, and drifted casually from town to town until he finally anchored in a New York store.

In 1912, when, at the age of forty-three, he first came to London, he had attained to no great heights, and was, indeed, practically penniless.

At this point in his career he chose to turn to sharp practice.

It so chanced that a notorious American charlatan "Professor" was then making a great success in the United States by conducting the Psycho-Success Club at 126, West Thirty-fourth Street, New York.

This man induced credulous folk to join his "club," in the belief that membership would help them to attain success in all their undertakings.

Mitchell came to London with the express purpose of opening a branch of this quack movement in Britain.

For some years he acted as London manager at the "National Institute of Sciences," in Westminster Bridge Road, his chief duty being to persuade gullible fools to pay £6 for a worthless device termed "The Radio Hypnotic Crystal."

Realising the immense profits to be made from this dishonest business, Mitchell launched a similar venture on his own account from an address in Kensington High Street.

Here he adopted the alias of Professor Roxroy; and although he has been busy catching bigger fish, his underlings have carried on the business as delineators of character from the handwriting of their clients.

Having amassed capital in this fashion, Mitchell launched out more ambitiously, and promoted several companies which, so far as the public was concerned, were dismal failures.

He it was who opened the famous Rector's Club, in Tottenham Court Road, in 1924, which soon became notorious as a luxurious drinking-haunt.

When it was compulsorily closed, following a police prosecution, Mitchell transferred his activities to Paris, where he opened another "Rector's," which was also closed after a brief but hectic career.

By 1925, endless creditors were pursuing Mitchell for huge sums of money respecting goods supplied, cash advanced, taxes and bank overdrafts.

Bankruptcy presents no obstacle to him. In January, 1925, even when a bankruptcy petition was pending, Mitchell formed a concern called the Coué-Orton Institute, Limited, for the commercial exploitation of the doctrines of the late M. Emile Coué, the famous French psychologist.

Sir John Pratt, one of the "imposing names"

Professor Passat looks every inch a scientist

Ikbal Ali Shah, an Oriental psychologist employed at Mitchell's "Institute"

Large sums of money were obtained for a six-guinea postal course of "Coueism," and Mitchell conceived the idea of floating a public company to purchase the concern.

For this purpose he promoted a "family" syndicate which, out of the £75,000 obtained from the public, was to take £60,000. In other words, the money was to go to himself, in exchange for almost valueless assets.

One glaring misstatement in the prospectus of Coucism, Limited announced that the company had the benefit of arrangements with a firm of gramophone manufacturers for the supply of Coué records.

In the absence of Mitchell, the directors who signed the prospectus are unable to furnish the name of this well-known firm; or, in fact, to give any information whatever concerning the advantageous arrangements.

It was also stated that the vendors had applied for £20,000 worth of shares for cash, and that another of Mitchell's concerns had underwritten 600,000 shares.

These "underwriters" have turned out to be a girl typist and Mitchell's brother-in-law, nor can the directors give any information as to the alleged application for the £20,000 worth of shares in cash.

Included in the prospectus was a glowing estimate of future profits, signed "E. Hoffman, M.B.E., Accountant."

E. Hoffman is really a woman who was employed by Mitchell, and who knew nothing about the report, which was the handiwork of Mitchell himself.

This poor woman, under Mitchell's instructions, entered false details in the minute-books of the company.

Enclosed with the prospectus were two leaflets, one headed "Auto-Suggestion," which was supposed to be an extract from a journal of that name. There is no such journal.

This document, together with the other, headed "Extracts from the Press," was manufactured solely as a supplement to the prospectus and as a further inducement to people to take up shares.

How does it come about that the directors of this concern could put their names to a reprehensible prospectus of this character?

No forgiveness

If we forgive them for not discovering Mitchell's past career—or even the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt—we cannot forgive them for not making proper enquiry into the truth of the matters there set forth.

In all, there are losses of between £60,000 and £70,000. Some of this has been wrung from poor people, whose money was obtained from them in direct contravention of the new Companies Act.

Section 92 of that Act makes it illegal at any date after August 3, 1928, for any person to go from house to house offering shares for subscription.

This Mitchell did, knowing full well the criminal responsibility he was placing upon himself and his salesmen.

We have documents before us, which we propose to hand over to the police, relating to a transaction entered into with a Mrs. E. Kidd, of Bryansburn Road, Bangor.

A man called upon her, recounted the most glowing stories, and induced her to part with 250 valuable securities in exchange for worthless shares in Coueism, Limited.

This, like others, is a case which clearly comes under the provisions of the new Companies Act.

As Mitchell was in sole charge of the business throughout, this aspect of the company's affairs was no doubt kept from the directors' knowledge.

But we certainly think that their neglect in signing a prospectus so full of inaccuracies should at least have the effect of moving them to make good the moneys obtained from the public by means of this disgraceful document.

DON'T GO TO SCHOOL!

"You don't mean to tell me"

THE winner of £250 in the JOHN BULL No. 27 Crossword Puzzle is the most remarkable expert in the jugglery of words we have met.

Miss Edith Watts, who is twenty-five, has never been to a school in her life, in consequence of continued illnesses, and all the education she has acquired is from humble parents, who themselves confess that they "haven't had much schooling."

Yet she solved No. 27 without a single mistake.

When our representative called at the little cottage high up on the mountain at Trinant, overlooking Crumlin's famous viaduct, Edith answered the door, and gasped with surprise at the mention of the words "JOHN BULL."

"You don't mean to tell me I've won a prize in the Crossword?" she managed to exclaim.

She had been so absorbed in a fresh interest—a new camera and her first one—that she had not bothered to check her Crossword coupon.

The photograph of her, which you see here, was taken with that camera, and it is the first picture which has ever been taken of Miss Watts.

"Good old dictionary," she said later, when the family circle, father, mother and daughter, had at last been convinced that she had "really and truly won all that money."

"It's a fine dictionary," she said. "Father and mother gave it me only last Christmas. They said it was just the right present for me, because I'm so fascinated with Crosswords."

£250 to this typical Welsh miner's home means the difference between poverty and ease.

The other £250 cheque was awarded to Mr. W. M. Mowatt, of 10, Cadzow Place, Edinburgh, who, like Miss Watts, sent in a completely correct square.

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE

Graves 'Vulcan' 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Value & Efficiency

LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN WIRELESS SCIENCE.

Even if you are only a beginner, this magnificent installation enables you to start where others leave off; or if you are an experienced wireless operator this superb set will give you a thrill of interest which you have never had before, and a sense of power and command over the mysterious forces of the ether which will positively astonish and fascinate you.

DO NOT LET THE LOW BARGAIN PRICE MISLEAD YOU into thinking that this is a cheap production: on the contrary, every component, both seen and unseen, is of first-rate quality, and the whole production is worth many pounds more than it is priced at. The Graves principle of business stands for Highest Quality, Lowest possible Price, Easiest Terms, and Immense Sales.

10/6 NOW

TERMS: Our Exclusive Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 10/6 now, and complete purchase in 14 Monthly Payments of 10/6 If you are entirely satisfied after trying the Outfit in your own home, Money back if disappointed.

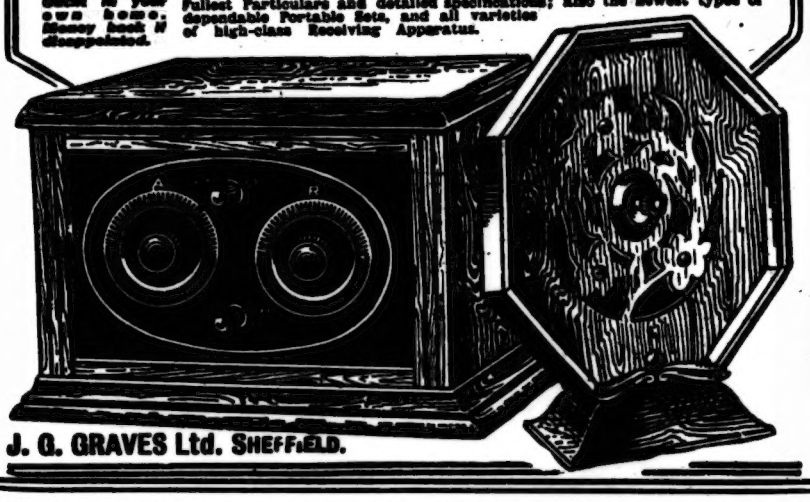
BRIEF SPECIFICATION.—The Cabinet is of polished figured Oak, beautifully finished with hinged lid so that all internal parts (including valves) can be easily got at if necessary. Dull Emitter Detector & Power Valves of proved efficiency, with anti-microphonic valve holders; latest type H.T. Battery; efficient 2 volt Accumulator, and complete Aerial Outfit. The Tuning Dials are of exceptional capacity and are accurately marked in minute divisions. THE LOUD SPEAKER is of exclusive design Cone Type, with metal shield at the back. It is specially constructed to co-operate with the Set, and is a highly superior production both as regards appearance & results. It is of graceful proportions in Oak (as illustrated) to match the Cabinet.

THE GRAVES SCREENED GRID 3-VALVE OUTFIT

Complete in every particular. Wonderful range and amazingly good reception. Exclusive Oak Cabinet & Cabinet Loud Speaker, and all components of the highest quality. Price Carriage Paid **£12:15:0**

TERMS: 15/- with Order, and 15/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE
Fullest Particulars and detailed specifications; also the newest types of dependable Portable Sets, and all varieties of high-class Receiving Apparatus.



J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

£550 Awarded in "JOHN BULL" Crossword Competition No. 28

Correct Solutions in Crossword Competition No. 28 were received from the following five competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £100 will be dispatched:—

Mr. F. A. Gover, 98, Belmont Road, Bristol.
Mrs. M. Harman, 70, Croydon Road, Caterham.
Mrs. M. Hughes, 2, Osterley Street, Briton Ferry.
Mr. P. W. Knight, 34, Freshford Street, Earlsfield, S.W.
Mr. G. W. Woodward, 7, West Road, Bury St. Edmunds.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 36 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 7s. 10d.

Ashurst, Mrs. A., 18, Catharine Street, Wigan.
Baker, A. E., 54, Pound Lane Canterbury.
Blisnit, C., 251, Albany Road, Cardiff.
Burring, F. W. 15, Prospect Street, Plymouth.
Coup, Mrs. S. A., 7, Wellington Crescent, New Malden, Surrey
Crail, Mrs., Eastleigh Drive, Belfast.
Dixon, R., 34, Mandella Terrace, Meaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Dobbin, R., 27, Milton Place, Glasgow, C.4.
Foster, Miss S. A., 54, Shaftesbury St., Stairfoot, Nr. Barnsley.
Garbutt, M., Cambridge Terrace, Barnard Castle.
Hall, T. J., 114, Ashburton, St. Lukes, Cork.
Harling, R., 40, Woolwich Street, Blackburn.
Jordan, Mrs., 261, Lodge Road, Winson Green, Birmingham.
Llewellyn, Miss M., 90, Wornington Road, N. Kensington, W.10
Lockie, Miss M., 9, Arklet Road, Glasgow, S.W.1.
Lord, Miss M., 6, Daisy Hill, Stackstead, Bacup.
McKinnon, R. E., 3, Scotstoun Street, Scotstoun, Glasgow.
Mitchell, Miss E., 12, Chester Terrace, Lady Pit Lane, Leeds.
Morris, Mrs. E., 2, Upper Chapman Street, Llanelly.
Munn, A., 14, St. James Place, Liverpool.
Parker, Miss A., 150, Newchurch Road, Bacup.
Preston, S. C., 130, Bloomfield Terrace, Paddington, W.2.
Pridday, A., 129, Middleton Boulevard, Wollaton Park, Nottingham.
Robertson, R., 5, High Street, Campbeltown, Argyll.
Ross, E., Bainsford, Falkirk.
Sanderson, L. S. B., Elvendon, Priory Cottages, Goring-on-Thames.
Savory, G., 61, Caird Street, Sunderland.
Scott, J. E., Southerton, Kirkcaldy.
Service, W., 34, Napiershall Street, Glasgow, N.W.
Sutton, Miss E., 11, Taunton Street, Preston.
Thomson, T., 34, College Street, Buckhaven, Fife.
Todd, J., Glenriska, Tweedmouth, Peebleshire.
Wall, J. W., 76, Droop Street, Queens Park, W.10.
White, P. H. C., Fort Dunree, G.P.O., Londonderry.
Williams, Mrs. M., 3, Hill Street, Neathyfylion, Nr. Bridgend.
Wilson T., 11, Marshall St., Grangemouth, Stirlingshire.

ANOTHER £500 X-Word appears on page 36. TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of "John Bull."

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

10/6

Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

On receipt of P.O. for **10/6** (carr. 1/- extra) we will forward direct from our looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" **"Brucolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN BORDERED CARPETS**

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., in new Turkey patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. With every carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a handsome Rug to match

Illustrated Sale Catalogue of dazzling bargains in Brucolette, Brussels, Axminster, Wilton, etc., Carpets and Hearthrugs, Blankets, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free to any address. Write to-day

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers & Merchants, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

Healthy Legs for all!

Great New Discovery. Send Now for Free Sample and Free Booklet.

"Would Never Have Been Well Without Elasto."

"It gives me great pleasure to write and tell you of the wonderful recovery of my leg, which was ulcerated, inflamed and swollen. It is quite healthy now after taking your Elasto. I am glad I saw your advertisement, as I am sure my leg would never have been well if I had not had your remedy; moreover, I feel better in every way for the treatment.

"You may use my letter if you wish, so that others may benefit by your wonderful Elasto.—Wishing you every success."

(Sgd.) W. G. ASH.
10, New Buildings, Buckfast, Devon.

"Life-long Suffering Avoided! Thanks to Elasto!"

"My leg broke out with a small spot which soon spread up to my knee, leaving a completely ulcerated leg. The doctor told me I should have a bad leg for the rest of my life, but thanks to Elasto my leg is now perfectly healed with good, strong healthy skin on it. All my friends who saw it when it was bad almost fainted at the sight and can hardly believe it now they see it cured.

"You can use any part of this letter, or all of it, for any purpose you think fit. Thanking you for all your kindness."

(Sgd.) Mrs. ROSA ANNIE JACOBS.
"Kimberley," Jackson Road,
Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

"It Is Such a Relief After Years of Pain . . ."

"My leg is completely cured thanks to Elasto; all swelling and pain gone and I am able to walk about and do my work as though I had never had a bad leg. It is such a relief after years of pain. I have had doctors, have attended hospital and have laid up for months at a stretch, all to no purpose, and yet Elasto has quickly and completely cured me without any need for resting; it is wonderful.

"Elasto has been a godsend to me, and you may publish my letter for the benefit of other sufferers, who I do hope will send for your splendid treatment.

"Thank you very much for your kind attention and wonderful cure."

(Sgd.) Mrs. S. ELDRIDGE,
24, Monden Street,
Rochester, Kent.

What Is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* Elasto also cures piles, sciatica, lumbago, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't waste time! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15L),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

FELIX the Catch

FOLLOWS CHARLIE CHAPLIN

I AM delighted to find that the publicity I directed to the "Charlie Chaplin—Spot the Twins Competition" has been followed by swift action on the part of the Board of Trade.

This competition involved a childish task of ticking off two identical sketches in a group of twelve; but competitors were required to send for £1 worth of goods as a second stage in a £200 contest.

The individuals behind this scheme, two brothers named Charles William Morgan and Augustus Morgan, who operated as the Holborn Warehouse Co., Ltd., have been summoned before Sir Chartres Biron at Bow Street Police Court, for using the description "Limited" without being properly registered as required by law.

Each was fined £10, while the company was also fined £20 and ordered to pay £15 15s. for carrying on business without giving notice of its address to the Registrar.

Doing badly

Charles William Morgan had also to pay a further £10 for an offence under the Business Names Act.

Mr. H. D. Roome, who conducted the prosecution for the Board of Trade, declared that the authorities regarded the case as a serious one, in view of the fact that the word "Limited" was used to impart a suggestion of stability, which would, of course, impress plain, simple people who entered the competition.

After endorsing my own contention that the competition was of a childish character, and explaining the crafty condition by which all entrants had to spend £1 in order to qualify, Mr. Roome went on to make a statement which I regard as particularly important.

"So far as the police can ascertain," he said, "no prizes were ever awarded."

This, I should imagine, is because the brothers Morgan are clever enough to have stipulated no definite closing date.

In other words, they were free to keep their competition running as long as they chose.

Now, the manner in which these two men devised their printed matter satisfies me that they possess considerable ability.

Yet when Sir Chartres Biron asked them what explanation they had to offer regarding their contravention of the Company Laws, they could only say they acted under legal advice and were misled."

The value of any "explanation" on the part of these brothers may be readily assessed when I reveal that notwithstanding their recent appearance in court, they have now found it convenient to forget their "Spot the Twins" competition for the time being, and are at present impudently launching a fresh venture from 84, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

A fresh venture

This is another competition of the "Spot the Twins" calibre, but centred upon a kinema cat instead of a kinema star, competitors being required to pick out two corresponding pictures from a group of twelve sketches of the famous figure of "Felix the Cat."

The circulars inviting the public to participate are cunningly worded, and headlines in heavy type are specially arranged to create the misleading impression that £100 can be won straight away simply by identifying two similar drawings.

"£100 cash if you can find my pals!"; "Nothing to pay, free entrance"; "£100 free"; "Can you spot them and win £100"—these are a few of the emphasised lines.

In less conspicuous type, the discerning reader may gather that 500 points are required to win, and that by spotting the two twin cats he only becomes "eligible" for the prize.

Finally, the smallest type on the circular stipulates that the entry coupon should be completed "as neatly as possible for top points."

By filling in this coupon, an entrant binds himself to abide by the conditions imposed by the Holborn Warehouse Co., Ltd. ("the famous direct-to-user house"). But the circular, which, incidentally, does not bear the printer's name as required by law, gives no indication of the nature of these conditions.

Sir Chartres Biron fined the brothers Morgan for their wiles. That Felix is copied from their circular. What will the artist who invented him say?

I strongly advise my readers to leave this preposterous proposition severely alone.

• • •

Very varied are the enquiries and complaints contained in my daily postbag.

Several correspondents in South Africa have written to tell me that Arthur Lewis, the notorious eyesight quack, who has frequently been pilloried in these pages, has been making a determined effort to establish himself in Johannesburg.

It is fortunate that JOHN BULL reaches all parts of the Empire, for the latest communication tells me that Lewis has been unsuccessful.

Touring trickster

Many people, it seems, are being victimised by a touring trickster called Leonard Mitchell, otherwise A. J. Sharp, who uses an address at Boundary Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.

Mitchell poses as a printer and stationer, and obtains cash deposits from small shopkeepers against orders he never completes.

Innumerable complaints are being made about him, and his dupes are to be found in all parts of the country. Letters addressed to him at his Boundary Road address are returned marked "unknown."

• • •

Another busy concern about which I have received numerous complaints is the Gray's Inn Trading Co., of Gray's Inn Road, London, which obtains money from traders for "bargain" consignments of foreign matches.

But the fact is always concealed from clients that they will have to pay the duty themselves before they can get the goods out of bond.

Its proprietor is a notorious offender named Schneider, who has been in jail at least three times.

JOHN BULL
Weekly Informations
from
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

The WRONG ROAD to the STARS

Mr. T. W. Hugh-Jones, Principal of this College

THE arrival of the "talkies" is worrying all the stars whose film faces — and not their voices—have won them fame; but the steady stream of aspirants who hope to become stars themselves remains undiminished.

This fact has been speedily seized on by those individuals who live by exploiting the ambition of these hopeful souls, as the recent experience of one London girl proves.

Calling at the Victoria Cinema College and Studios, Ltd., at 36, Rathbone Place, London, W., she was persuaded to undergo a "test" on the spot.

Instructed by one of the college officials, she acted a stipulated scene while a camera man turned the handle of his impressive-looking machine.

But when she asked if it would be possible to view this film in which she "starred," she learned that the camera was empty, and that the operator's convincing churning had really been an artful piece of acting.

It requires no technical knowledge to see that such a "test" can be of little or no value; yet the girl was assured that she was "very good indeed," and that she had done "marvellously well."

On the strength of this assurance, she was invited to pay three guineas for a course of training consisting of eight lessons, and it was made clear to her that she could pay by instalments to suit her convenience.

A voice test was to follow, but in this case she would be expected to pay half-a-guinea, "because the apparatus was very costly and necessitated the supervision of specially trained electricians."

In view of the farcical nature of the silent "test," the girl prudently enquired whether she would be able to hear the record of her voice.

To her surprise, she was informed that this would not be possible, as the college's present premises were not adapted for the installation of proper voice-testing machinery.

She would simply be required to speak into a microphone, and her voice would be heard by experts in an adjoining room, who would estimate its quality and suitability.

The value of such a makeshift "test" is dubious. And it is unreasonable that fees should be charged if proper apparatus is not available.

Her suspicions now aroused, she did not commit herself any further, but decided upon a little test of her own.

She sent her housekeeper to the college.

The housekeeper was enthusiastically received and assured that her film abilities were sufficiently promising to justify her taking their course of lessons.

The film industry at the moment is overloaded with out-of-work actors and actresses with previous experience. Yet it is quite clear that the Victoria Cinema College is prepared to enrol anyone as a pupil providing that the necessary fees are forthcoming.

Various complaints have been made to us in the past by misguided pupils who have been mulct of fees, notwithstanding the fact that their chances as film artists were negligible.

Even if there were no unemployment problem in the film world, it is absurd to suppose that actors and actresses can be trained in eight lessons.

The SPRATT'S WAY IS THE ONLY WAY to keep your dog in perfect health

This is National Dog Week. During this week you are asked to think of your dog from a new viewpoint. Not—Do I like him?—but rather: How do I discharge my responsibilities as his owner?

For to be a worthy master or mistress you must be able to say two things: "My dog is fit, happy and healthy," and "My dog is never a nuisance to my neighbour."

Both responsibilities are near akin, for only the healthy dog can be a perfectly trained dog under proper control. And since feeding is the most important factor in the maintenance of doggy health, it should be your first consideration during National Dog Week. Is it?

2 FREE DOG BOOKS

The "Tail-Wagger" —32 pages all about dogs. "The Biscuit Book" — all about Spratt's Foods. Both sent free on request to:— SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 24/5, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3.

There's nothing to compare with Spratt's nourishing biscuits and meals. And no wonder—for scientific tests prove that one pound of Spratt's Dog Cakes are equal to one pound of flour and one pound of fresh lean meat.

For your dog's sake and your own—INSIST on Spratt's. Always look for the name on the sealed packets or cotton bags—as some foods which you may think are Spratt's are not. Every genuine Spratt's biscuit is clearly stamped with the name and the trademark X.

SPRATT'S
MEAT-FIBRINE
DOG FOODS

DOG CAKES, PUPPY BISCUITS, "WEETMEET" & "RODNIM"
SPRATTS "OVALS"
TRADE X MARK *The POCKET DOG BISCUITS* TRADE X MARK

Is YOUR dog a TAIL-WAGGER?

Do you know that since the Tail-Wagger Club was formed, during National Dog Week last year, over 125,000 dogs have been enrolled? And this huge membership includes every sort of dog, from the three doggy pals of Princess Mary (Viscountess Lascelles) to the dog belonging to Billy Merson; from H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' dog to the jolly little mongrel belonging to Mrs. Jones of Stepney.

The life membership fee is just 2/-. This brings a handsome collar medallion for the dog, bearing his membership number, which ensures his being returned to his owner if ever he is lost, a membership certificate, books on correct dog management, and a certificate entitling the owner to FREE EXPERT ADVICE during the life of the member.

It is the greatest value for 2/- ever offered a dog lover. And all proceeds are devoted to doggy charity. Enrol your dog to-day. Simply send a postal order for 2/- together with your name and address and the pet name of your dog to:—

THE TAIL-WAGGER-IN-CHIEF,
THE TAIL-WAGGERS' CLUB,
37/8, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

He was practically crippled by

CORNS

but Radox brought them

out—when all else failed.

Before you spend a penny more on so-called corn "cures" read this striking record of Radox corn removal. The writer of the letter below suffered for over a year with a terrible corn. Nothing would move it until he put his feet into Radox foot-baths. Then, within a week, the corn lifted out, root and all! Read the letter:

"I am writing to say how grateful we are to Radox. My work is heavy work and I am a quarry man. A year ago I developed a hard and painful corn so that I was practically a cripple. I used to dread to put my boots on, and people used to stare at me as if I was drunk. One day my wife suggested we would try Radox, for we were sick of trying other remedies. After one week's trial the corn came out bodily, and I can now boast of being as nimble as any man of 25, and I shall not see 40 again. I may add that my wife would not be without Radox on any account. She is working in a large boarding-house and is standing nearly 14 hours a day on her feet. When she returns at night she relies upon the only proved remedy for tired and aching feet, thus enabling her to carry on her work."

4th Sept., 1929. *R. S., S. Devon*

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

Give Your Feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1s. 6d. per ½lb. Pink Packet, and 2s. 6d. double quantity.

AMAZING HAIR-GROWTH
AFTER BALDNESS—BY USING KOTALKO

Mrs. Cussell, of Ipswich, writes:

"Dear Sirs,—When I began to use KOTALKO my head was bare and only quite shiny, except for a very small place where there remained about a handful of hair. I had used many preparations; in fact, the trouble was not through neglect, but none of them had prevented the existing condition. You can imagine the amazement of myself and friends when, after the use of one box of KOTALKO, new hair could be seen all over my head, and after three boxes had been used my head was covered with a new growth of thick hair which continued to grow until now I have hair down to my waist in splendid condition."

Legions of other remarkable cases of growth after baldness, falling hair stopped, and dandruff eliminated. KOTALKO is splendid for children's hair, and for all cases of thin and brittle hair or other hirsutal troubles.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

SEND THIS COUPON
(OR COPY IT)

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, PERCY ST. (53 NX), LONDON, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

ZAM-BUK
Clears The Skin Of
ECZEMA & RASH
OINTMENT

PLUVEX ROOF FELT
LASTS LONGEST!

CROOKED Racehorse-Owner flies from Justice

Corrigan is smiling here—perhaps he is planning new coups on Ostend racecourse, which he has visited lately. The English Turf, however, will know him no more

A FEW weeks ago we told our readers the remarkable story of Michael Dennis Corrigan, or Cassidy, the noted Turf owner, and revealed that he d fled from London to Brussels.

We also revealed the true character this one-time racehorse-owner, who sed as general, secret service agent, ne-owner and millionaire to forward s criminal schemes.

Corrigan still lies hidden in Belum, and the Home Office should at ce start extradition proceedings to ing him back to London under lice escort.

He fled to evade bankruptcy proedings, which would have brought to ht many remarkable facts about his st life. He is also a fugitive from stice, as a warrant has been issued r his arrest on the grounds that he tained nearly £5,000 by false prences.

The losses of the victim who obined the issue of this warrant are hall when compared with the sums money Corrigan has obtained from her people.

We have already described how he ceived one man with tales of vast ncessions in oil, gold and silver, and eced him of more than £40,000.

Best bluffer

Corrigan is a bluffer without equal. o matter in what country he is erating, he has always in reserve a ump card—that the authorities can-t deport him to any other country here he may be wanted, because, he clares, he has no nationality and s parentage is unknown.

It was in the early months of the r that Corrigan, then using the me Cassidy, came to this country om Africa as a steward on a liner, d stayed on as a munitions-worker. Soon he tried to dazzle the London oduce market with propositions for mense deals in sugar and rice. But ese came to nothing, as did also a st-war scheme of his for gigantic erations with the leading creditting offices.

These he was to direct through counts in other people's names.

Ever since Corrigan has been a pure venturer, living by his wits. But the squerades and pretences by which tried to attract money in Britain e elementary compared with those used later on the Continent.

He did not attempt "confidence" erations on a large scale until he wormed his way into the exclusive Imperial Club in Paris. It was the introductions he obtained there which enabled him to enter the business.

His audacity is so limitless that he has been posing in Parisian society as the prototype of the music-hall song, "Private Michael Cassidy, V.C." He promoted himself, however, for his visiting cards were engraved "Major Michael Cassidy, V.C., D.S.O."

A newspaper controversy arose recently over the identity of the British flying officer who brought down many enemy aeroplanes in the war, and who was known to the ground troops as the "Mad Major." Corrigan settled it by announcing "I am the man."

Then, with the police of France and Italy on his heels, he prudently retreated to England.

He had been obtaining money against ninety-day drafts drawn on an American banking firm, which, when they matured, were found to be forgeries, and his wake was strewn with dishonoured cheques.

Notes compared

Soon members of the Imperial Club and other wealthy people in Paris began to compare notes about the money they had entrusted to the vanished sportsman. Even the barman had lost £20!

Corrigan had been back in London only a few hours when he set about raising more money in connection with the purchase of yearling thoroughbreds.

This transaction marked his entry to British racing, which the Turf has never ceased to regret. Ultimately the Jockey Club prohibited licensed trainers from having any connection with his racehorses.

Soon after his descent on London the adventurer appointed himself head of the Mexican secret service and called himself General Corriganus. He also blossomed out as "owner" of boundless oil and gold-bearing territories in Yucatan.

His dupes continued to press their money upon him. He became a nine-days' wonder on the Turf. To the amazement of every racing-man, he paid ridiculous prices for mediocre horses bought out of selling-plate races.

He carried all his spoils about with him. Even in public-houses he would produce wads of as many as twenty-five £1,000 banknotes. Banks had no attraction for him.

He knew that he might one day be forced to make a very quick "get-away," and he preferred to leave nothing valuable behind.

So many of his cheques were returned that his bank account was obviously worthless. Even bookmakers with whom he gambled had his valueless cheques inflicted on them.

His hardihood knew no limit. After owing one bookmaker £400 for a long time, he approached him at the rails in Tattersall's ring and gave him a cheque for the debt.

At the same time he made a credit bet for a £500 stake on a horse which lost. The £400 cheque was dishonoured and the £500 has not been paid.

Bad tenant

During the last six months, as a Turf owner in England, Corrigan quartered his horses at King's Worthy, near Winchester, in the stables of Mr. Thomas Rayson, the well-known trainer. He quickly proved an undesirable tenant, and ultimately Mr. Rayson ejected him by force.

When he discovered that the police were again on his track, he did not dare to return to King's Worthy to remove the racehorses, but set about planning his escape to Belgium.

He arranged, however, that the horses should be taken from the stables secretly. But his trick was discovered, and when the animals were on the road a score of tradesmen to whom money was owing each seized a thoroughbred.

Police take horses

Police, summoned by a stable lad, deprived the tradesmen of the horses; but when the animals reached the station, the railway company refused to move them until a debt due to it was settled.

Ultimately they reached Folkestone, but there they were again seized by a creditor who had to be satisfied before they were embarked on the ship.

Corrigan followed his string of horses to Belgium before Scotland Yard could prevent him. He is behaving in that country as if he is secure from British justice.

Public money would be well spent in fetching him back.

A *Fool's* TRAP *for* FOOLS

THE fee-snatcher is busy again, and the latest to join the list is a firm called the Modern Equipment Company, of 71, romwell Street, Nottingham.

This firm has been advertising for lesmen at a salary of £4 a week and mmission, and the announcement ated that £15 weekly could be rned.

We suggest that the only money hich would be earned would be that the Modern Equipment Company elf—from any applicant foolish ough to negotiate further with it.

Application forms sent to the comny are replied to on a duplicated ter badly typed and mis-spelt, d signed "R. S. Thomas, Sales nager."

This reply states that while Mr. homas is impressed with certain pects of the candidate's experience, does not feel that the candidate s had quite the right training.

He says, however, that he is quite willing to employ men who have taken a course in salesmanship at the Midland Commercial College, of 9, Bilbie Street, Nottingham.

Mr. Thomas says, further, that he has taken the liberty of forwarding the candidate's name and address to this institution.

A letter soon follows from the Midland Commercial College offering its course of training for £4, with a guarantee of a salaried post.

The letter does not say at what salary or what kind of post. It is accompanied by a test-question form, which, in our opinion, is a masterpiece of balderdash. Both the letter and the various forms are duplicated and are signed T. H. Walters.

On examining this precious correspondence, some interesting points emerge.

First, the lay-out and printing of both firms' notepaper is similar. The paper is similar. Secondly, the same typewriter and duplicator seem to have been used. Lastly, no telephone number appears on any of the letters.

The managing director of the company is given as H. S. Mirrington, and that of the college as T. Blindell-Read. We think we are justified in saying that there may be more than a mere identity of object between these two gentlemen and these two firms.

The college states in its letter that its low fees are made possible by the fact that its literature is produced by its own stenographers.

We suggest to the persons behind these companies that if they had taken a little more trouble in this direction they might have caught more mugs. As it is, we have been inundated with letters from people who were not to be caught.

We trust that no others will be beguiled into paying money for worthless and trashy instruction.

Great success of the SHILLING HOLIDAY

CADBURY'S HOLIDAY CHOCOLATE

with almonds & raisins

1/- half-pound and in 6d. blocks

"A Pill Worth Swallowing."

BILE BEANS

GOOD for the Liver
GOOD for the Stomach
GOOD for the Bowels
and for Family Use

PURELY VEGETABLE

1/3 box.

FOR A PERFECT CUSTARD
FOSTER CLARK'S CREAM CUSTARD

in exact quantity must be used. A 4½d. carton contains 6 and an 8½d. carton 12 separate pint packs—the exact quantity to make a perfect custard

---

GRAVES 'TRIUMPH' BARGAIN BALE

is the most amazing Quality and Value Offer ever put before the readers of this journal.

It includes the following superb quality goods:

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. Warranted to wear and wash well. Whipped edges. Size 63 x 81ins. Weight 7lbs pair.

One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 80ins. Weight 6lbs pair.

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed and finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90ins. Weight 4lbs pair.

A COLOURED ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, finished and hemmed ready for use. Size: 75 x 94ins.

A BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome dice design, beautifully finished. Size 54ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 20 x 30ins.

A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match, Size 20 x 63ins.

VERY IMPORTANT By way of extra benefit, and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale a 16-Piece Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Service for the use of four persons.

The 16-PIECE SERVICE comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with keen edged blades and beautiful Ivory-grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through.

Complete Bale (including the 16-piece Cutlery Service) Carriage Paid £3

TERMS. Our Bargain Price for the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now. A complete purchase in 11 Monthly Payments of 5/- if you are entirely satisfied with the Bale after inspection in your own home. Money back in full if in any way disappointed.

CATALOGUE of any of the following departments: Ladies' Fashions, Household Drapery, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Cycles, Men's Wear, Gramophones, Records, Wireless Sets, Baby Cars, Carpets, Lino, &c.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Women now discarding Razors

Thanks to a British discovery many thousands of women are gratefully discarding razors for removing unwanted hair. Razors were invented for men and were never intended for use on the delicate skin of a woman. A toilet cream has been discovered which removes superfluous hair as if by magic. This cream is spread on the hair, in a few minutes it is rinsed off and not a single hair is left behind! The skin is flawlessly smooth, soft and white, entirely free from the darkly shaded patches a razor invariably leaves. Whereas at best a razor can only remove hair *above* the skin surface, this new cream removes the hair *beneath* it. All chemists, hairdressers and stores supply this cream under the name of Veet in tubes 1/6 and 3/-. It has been used by thousands of women everywhere. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case or money is refunded. *Veet is a British Product of British Quality. Beware of Cheap Foreign Imitations.*

GOOD-BYE CORNS

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES acts like magic.

The thick, hardened skin of which corns and callouses are composed, contains no nerves or blood-vessels. In fact, the upper layers are dead. It is not the top that causes such pain. It is the little pointed part which extends down into the toe and presses on sensitive nerves. Cutting the top off or burning it off with caustic liquids and plaster is wasting time. Also, it is dangerous. Instead of such temporary expedients, soak your feet in the "Saltrates" water, prepared by dissolving a handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a gallon of hot water. This will dissolve the oil and sebaceous matter from hardened, callousedand "corny" skin, leaving it so soft that corns are easily picked out, root and all. As for callouses, they can be scraped right off with the dull edge of a knife. The water can have no effect whatsoever on sound, healthy skin. All chemists keep Reudel Bath Saltrates put up in packets of convenient sizes and at very moderate prices.

YOURS WITH ANY RECORDS for 1/9 WEEKLY

Before buying a Gramophone anywhere at any price, write for a copy of my Free Lists. Any Horn or Hornless model and Records sent on 14 Days' Free Approval, Carriage Paid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Send a postcard to-day.

Edward O'Brien Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, Dept. 34 COVENTRY

THE REAPER on the HIGHWAY

by A. G. GARDINER

UNDERSTAND that the Ministry of Transport is busy on its forthcoming Road Bill. The public will await its production with eager interest, for drastic overhauling of the great traffic pro- is long overdue

ow that it is really taken in hand, hink we may expect that the sub- will be thoroughly well handled, Mr. Morrison has not only the re- ces of the able department pre- d over by Sir Cyril Hurcomb to on, but in drafting the Bill he the invaluable help of his next in mand, Earl Russell, who is not only illiant legislator and a lawyer, but, t is more to the point, one of the t experienced of living motorists a practical engineer.

he Bill will, of course, deal with problem in all its many aspects; the phase that will attract most ntion is that relating to the public ty.

Diminish it!

he holocaust of the roads is be- ing a scandal of the gravest dimen- s. To adapt a famous phrase once lied to public expenditure, "Road dents have increased, are increas- and ought to be diminished."

ow serious the toll of life and limb ed upon the travelling public has me is daily exhibited in the Press. he *Morning Post* has recently pted the practice of collecting the alties into weekly lists. They do pretend to be complete, but even they stand they show that road alities now reach a total approach- 2,000 a year, and that non-fatal dents in which the public are in- d number over 30,000 a year.

hese are deplorable figures; but we uld avoid overstating the case. Road dents there have always been and ays will be, and considering the increase in locomotion, both in and speed, which the motor-car brought about, it may be doubted ther they are *relatively* more nerous to-day than they were in days of horse-drawn traffic.

ut in total, of course, they are enor- sly greater. And the fact that t of them ought never to occur, in fact due to gross carelessness, disputable.

he natural impulse is to throw all blame on the motorist and the or; but this, like most natural im- ses, is unjust. There are many tributory factors of negligence.

ne of the coroners, in holding an uest on a fatal accident the other went so far as to throw all the onsibility for motor accidents on pedestrians.

Fifty-fifty

his was, of course, absurd. It is obably a case of fifty-fifty. There about as many fools afoot as at wheel.

ome pedestrians are merely care- or thoughtless. They step off the ement to pass in front of an on- ing vehicle without remembering a swifter car may be overtaking other.

hen, of course, there is the type pedestrian who has an animus inst the whole tribe of motorists, is deliberately awkward and re- ful.

inally, there is the case of the in- ulable child, who seems absorbed its game on the pavement at one ment and is in the middle of the after its ball the next.

he pedestrian, in short, must take share of the blame, and must do part in contributing to the greater ty of the roads.

e must cultivate a road-sense and t realise that in this swift-moving age he cannot walk the streets and roads in disregard of rules and in a fit of sublime abstraction.

But if the pedestrian is often the passive source of trouble, it is the motorist who is the active agent. And it is with him that the law mainly has to deal.

Let us be fair to him as a class. The average standard of competence and regard for public safety is as high here as anywhere in the world—far higher than in France or Italy, for example.

"The incalculable child." Had it not been for the alert policeman, would these little girls have crossed in safety?

law has to deal. As to the incompetents, it is monstrous that people with serious physical defects should be permitted to drive at all.

There have recently been several cases in which people subject to epileptic fits have been in trouble. It seems to me criminal to license such perils to drive machines with a turn of speed of fifty miles an hour on the public highway.

As to the road-hog, he is rare, but we all know him. He outrages the civilities of the road; he neglects his signals; he cuts off the dangerous corner at high speed, regardless of

"Lord Cecil's naive proposal . . . was laughed out of Parliament"

sheep of the roads? It is clear that the policy of the past in concentrating on speed as the test of danger has been wrong.

The speed-limit has created a false mentality, both in the motorist and the public. It has set the police foolishly laying traps on stretches of road where high speed is safe and neglecting the corners and turns where the danger really lurks.

This test of speed must go. It must be replaced by the test of dangerous driving, which may have little or no relation to high speed.

Lord Cecil's naive proposal to dig shallow trenches across the roads at critical places was impracticable and was laughed out of Parliament; but it had the root of the matter in it.

Dangerous driving is the enemy—carelessness, disregard of rules, disobedience to signals, unfit condition, excessive speed for the circumstances, cutting-in, taking corners too fine or too fast, failing to keep that margin of space and time for manœuvring in sudden emergency.

And the offender must be punished, not only when he has provoked a catastrophe; he must be punished when he has broken the rules of the road, even though no evil has resulted.

This brings us to the other factor—the magistrates. The attitude of the magistrates is dangerously lax. I saw reported the other day a typical case of a well-to-do man, helplessly and admittedly drunk while lurching his car in all directions, fined £20.

Terror of the law

There is only one adequate punishment for such conduct. It is prison and the permanent cancellation of the licence.

I hope the new Road Bill will put the terror of the law into the heart of the road-hog, and I hope that Mr. Clynes at the Home Office will shake the magistrates out of their slumbers.

JOCK'S HERE— *Next Week*

DON'T miss JOHN BULL next week. "Why next week more than any other week?" you ask. Just because we have a Big Surprise up our sleeves for you.

Football is now in full swing. All our readers are sportsmen—and sportswomen. Most of them are as keen as mustard on football.

Therefore, for your delight, we have arranged with Jock Rutherford to supply you with a second-to-none football forecast each Thursday throughout the season.

Each Thursday he'll tell you which teams he thinks will win on the following Saturday. And what he thinks won't be far away from the truth.

"Who's Jock?" Don't you know? He was the spearhead of the Arsenal and Newcastle United attack. He played outside-right for England—three times against Scotland, and twice each against Ireland and Wales. He won a Cup Final medal in the season 1909-1910.

His playing career is ended, but Jock Rutherford is still in close touch with every aspect of the game. He is, in fact, the shrewdest judge of football alive.

Compared with the streets of Paris, the streets of London are a paradise, and if I wanted an example for all the world of motorists to imitate, I should go to the London 'bus-driver, who is a marvel alike of efficiency, courtesy and self-control.

I know no public servant more deserving of our gratitude and our admiration. And in our thanks we ought to include the great company whose management has inspired this splendid tradition of public conduct.

But, in spite of our high general level of behaviour and conduct, we have our road-hogs and our incompetents. And it is with these that the fact that he may come head-on to a lorry or dash into the midst of a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle.

He cuts in and out of the traffic of the towns with impudent recklessness. Sometimes, being a scoundrel, he bolts from the scene of his own outrage, leaving his victim on the road.

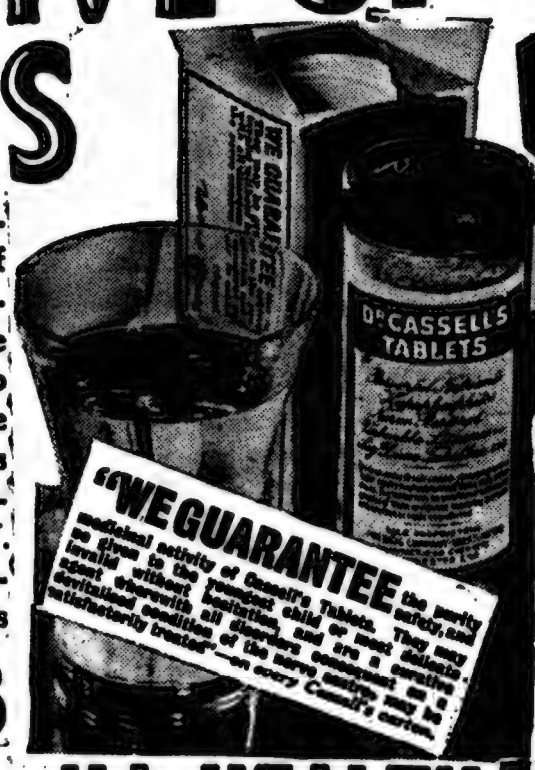
Among the worst offenders are the motor-cyclists, who, relying on their nippiness, take risks that involve not only themselves, but others. They are often young men, drunk with the wine of speed and unequipped with the road-sense that the older generation of us acquired on the push-bike.

What is to be done about these black

SHEER WEIGHT OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT DR. CASSELL'S ARE THE MOST EFFECTIVE OF TONICS

Testifiers tell in their own words how QUICKLY and how SURELY Cassell's Tablets made them well.

Nothing could be more convincing than the results—typical of thousands—published in the adjoining table. They *may* prove that Cassell's are superior to other remedies; but they prove first and foremost that Cassell's CAN conquer nerve and digestive troubles SUCCESSFULLY. In every case the patient got absolutely well. In fact this table is


DR CASSELL'S TABLETS
"WE GUARANTEE the purity, safety, and medicinal activity of Cassell's Tablets. They may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation, and are a curative agent wherever all disorders consequent on a devitalised condition of the nerve centres may be satisfactorily treated"—on every Cassell's carton.

A CASSELL'S CHALLENGE TO ILL-HEALTH

In the face of this table nobody who is neurasthenic or suffers from indigestion can believe they are incurable . . . Have they tried Cassell's? Cassell's are a scientific system of nourishment comprising Hypophosphites, Digestive Enzymes, Stomachics and Blood Nutrients: which cannot fail to do good; and cannot possibly do harm. A tonic proved completely effective in thousands of cases similar to yours.

Name	First Results	Ultimate Results
CASSELL'S TABLETS FOR NEURASTHENIA		
Mrs. A. B. ★	"After second bottle noticed improvement"	"Quite cured. Now in best of health"
Mrs. E. L. E. ★	"Soothed my nerves in half-an-hour"	"Now eat and sleep well and am putting on weight"
Mrs. H. F. K. ★	"Began to eat and enjoy food . . . sleep soundly"	". . . put new nerves in my body, and have cured me"
Mr. F. J. S. ★	"Began to improve and eat better"	"Now in the pink . . . rapid cure unbelievable"
Mrs. E. M. H. ★	"Effect of first box so marked continued taking them"	"Now full of energy. Never felt fitter in my life"
CASSELL'S TABLETS FOR INDIGESTION		
Mrs. C. R. ...	"My health began to improve almost from the first dose. I could eat, sleep, and appetite improved"	"Now really well and strong"
Mr. C. ★ ...	"After only one box I already felt a different man"	"I can now eat anything and enjoy it"
Mr. J. V. ★ ...	"Pain and wind ceased . . . I could eat, sleep well, etc.	"Now feel in the pink of condition"
Miss D. McH. ★	"First box cured"	"Quite cured"
Mr. J. J. R. ★	". . . derived great benefit from first box"	"Fourth large box completely cured . . . in the pink ever since"
CASSELL'S FOR ANÆMIA, INSOMNIA, ETC.		
Mrs. L. M. H. ★	*Weakness*—"Result was immediate."	"Steadily improved; now in perfect health"
Mrs. J. M. M.	*Anæmia*—"After a few days, lassitude disappeared."	"Now enjoy good health"
Miss G. P. ★ ...	*Frequent Headaches*—"First bottle brought relief"	"Now quite free from head pains"
Mrs. P. ★ ...	*Insomnia*—"Slept well, nerves steadier."	"A different being"
Mrs. S. ★ ...	*Neuritis*—"First few doses gave great relief"	"After the first box able to get up and start work"

★ *Tried other remedies or was unsuccessfully treated.*

CASSELL'S TABLETS

Above is Lord Riddell. Mr. Shearer accused him of dreadful pro-British publicity plots. He denies it all. Below: Admiral Plunket, U.S.N. Mr. Shearer declares him one of four Admirals who joined his naval scare plot

A BARNUM *of* BLOODSHED

by E. ROFFE. THOMPSON

MR. WILLIAM B. SHEARER has achieved notoriety and thrown a bombshell into international affairs by suddenly admitting that for years he has been employed by American armament firms to prevent agreement about the limitation of armaments, and to instigate in hectic propaganda for a bigger and bigger American Navy.

It is not altogether straining the truth to say that he played a big part in causing the failure of the Geneva Conference on naval disarmament in 1927.

It is straining the truth even less to say that he was instrumental in causing the American Congress to pass the Bill for fifteen cruisers last year which strained the cordiality of Anglo-American relations.

Mr. Shearer, although he may not realise it, has performed a signal service to humanity; for the public knows all too little of the deadly games that are played by some manufacturers of armaments all over the world to increase the sale of their goods.

Not so very long ago, a committee of the League of Nations went fully into the question of the manufacture of armaments by private firms. It objected to such manufacture on the following grounds, which you should read with all the care you can give them. Their implications are almost too terrible to be put into words:

1. That armament firms have been active in fomenting war scares and in persuading their own countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments.

2. That armament firms have attempted to bribe Government officials, both at home and abroad.

3. That armament firms have disseminated false reports concerning the military and naval programmes of various countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure.

4. That armament firms have sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries.

5. That armament firms have organised international armament rings through which the armament race has been accentuated by playing off one country against another.

6. That armament firms have organised international armament trusts, which have increased the price of armaments sold to Governments.

Profits kill patriotism

The extent to which profits can obliterate patriotism was recently illustrated by a disclosure in the German Press.

It was stated there that the German firm of Krupps supplied ignition-caps for British shells. The German patent was used during the war, and Krupps accordingly claimed their royalties even on the shells which killed German soldiers.

The German Press has been busy recalling that British shells with Krupp ignition-caps killed many thousand Germans, and it is asking German mothers how they like the idea of their dead sons representing so much profit to Krupps.

Even as I write there is a paragraph in the *Times* that deserves to be put on record:

"An order of an unusual character was circulated on the Baltic Shipping Exchange yesterday for steamers of British nationality to carry 1,800 tons of rifles and 10,000 tons of ammunition from a Continental North Sea port to Gruzh or Sushak, shipment to begin early in October with the freight payable to destination. It is stated that shipment permits will be granted by the British Government and the League of Nations."

Hint of next war

That is a pretty picture, is it not? Is it a hint of the beginning of the next war that the last war was supposed to end?

Just before the war the cynicism with which armament firms manufactured scares and went as far as they could to foment actual war reached the dimensions of a downright international scandal.

There was, for instance, the still-remembered scare which gave rise to the "We Want Eight" agitation.

A few years prior to the war the country was lashed to positive frenzy over the question of building eight additional battleships of the *Dreadnought* type.

Germany was, of course, the bogey-man of those days, and in due course orders for these steel murder-machines were given. Then the bubble burst, and it was discovered that the whole scare was nothing but an agitation engineered by the armament firms.

A little later than that a bombshell was thrown into the German Reichstag by Dr. Karl Liebknecht, who proved how one important German firm, the German Arms and Munition Factory, deliberately schemed to intensify the already bitter hatred between France and Germany.

Rumour plot

This company was not receiving as large orders as it desired from the German Government.

So it ordered its Paris representative to secure the publication in a French newspaper of a report that "The French military administration has resolved to hasten considerably the construction of quick-firers intended for the Army, and to order twice as many of these machines as it originally intended."

This was totally untrue. But the German firm knew very well that once statements of this kind appeared, it would secure tremendously increased orders for quick-firers.

And this is exactly what happened

That this sort of thing is going on to-day Mr. William B. Shearer has demonstrated in a startling fashion.

Meet Mr. William B. Shearer. "I expect no reward," he bleated, full of patriotic cant and humbug

That the same sort of cant is being slopped around he also demonstrates very ably, for he has bleated "My fight is for national defence. I expect no reward except the consciousness that I am helping my country."

If the world cannot learn a lesson from the fact that this gentleman is now suing the American armament firms for a quarter of a million dollars "back pay" it must be in its dotage.

The plain truth is that, despite its committees and its commissions, the League of Nations has never seriously tackled the scandal of the private manufacture of armaments, although its very Covenant recognises "that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections."

What some of these objections are I have already stated, and I do not think there can be much doubt that if means could be found to take away the manufacture and sale of death from private firms all over the world it would do more for the establishment of the secured peace of the world than all the Disarmament Conferences ever held or contemplated.

The Human Machine

Through CROSS *to* CROWN

DO you remember the time when Keir Hardie entered Parliament as the first Labour Member? Do you remember the scorn and the ridicule, the laughter and the cartoons?

It is not so very long ago; but time has brought the wheel full circle. We have a Labour Government. Philip Snowden, the hero of The Hague, is the honoured guest of His Majesty the King at Sandringham. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is the centre of the world's hopes, respected and believed in by everybody.

It is a startling illustration of the danger of hasty judgment. It is a resounding tribute to the dynamic power of an ideal.

Keir Hardie did not live to see his ideal triumph, but his superb faith saw very clearly the inevitable end of the work his hand began.

There are lots of people who achieve success of a sort. It may be showy, but the showy things of life are often sheddy just beneath the surface. The material needs a touch of the ideal if it is really to succeed.

The American millionaire who has sent for his own barber to come from New York to London at a cost of £200 has achieved a transient blaze of glory; but what is it worth?

He is already forgotten. The world really cares nothing for things like that. What it cares for and never forgets are unconquerable integrity, defiant love and superb self-sacrifice.

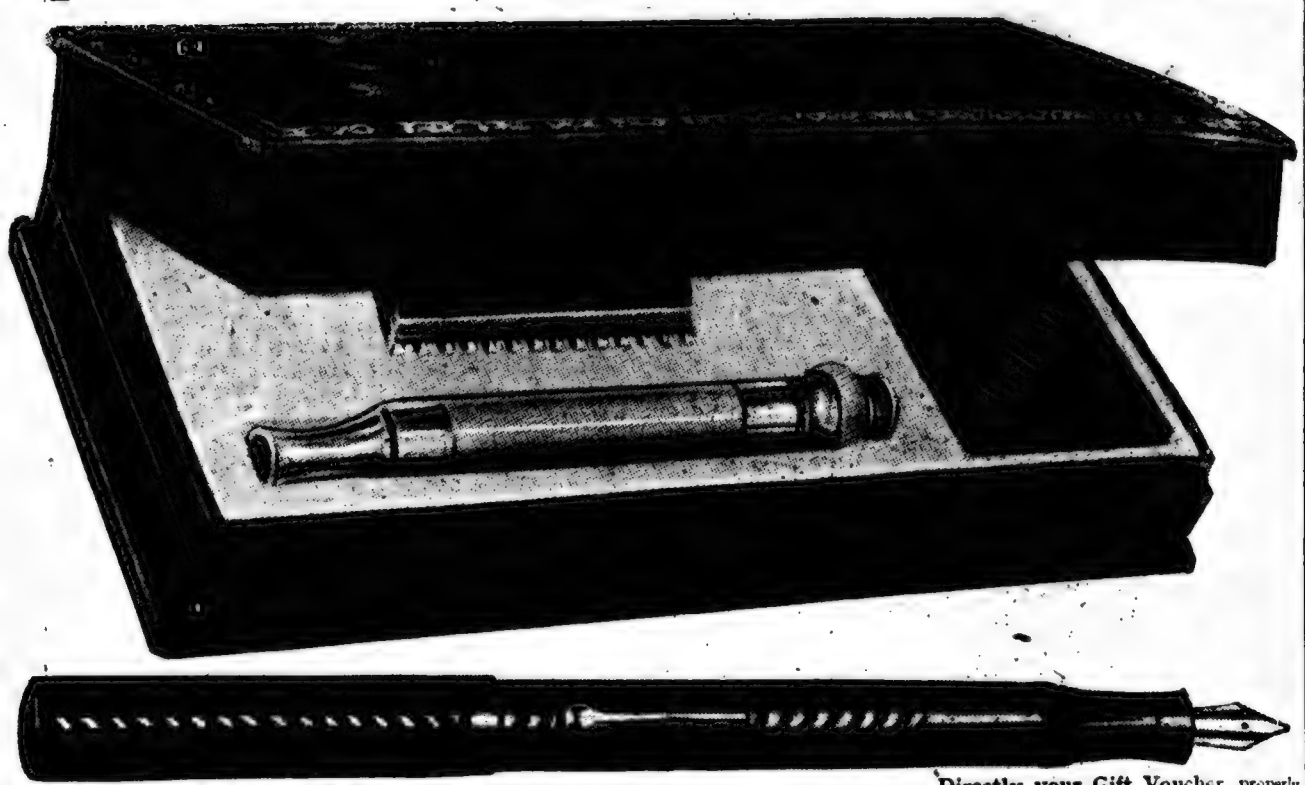
It is Nurse Cavell who will live in the future history of men's memories of the war longer than the generals.

Those who eventually move the world are they who refuse to stifle their convictions, and who, knowing the highest when they see it, follow their beliefs even to the final cost of Calvary.

This Superb Double Gift FREE

A "Gillette" Razor Set de Luxe.

The Razor Set which we offer you is "The Blue Empire," guaranteed by Gillette Safety Razor, Limited, to be a genuine half-guinea line. The moment you open the handsome case, embellished with gold, you will be struck by the sheer magnificence of our gift. The razor is gold plated **with 22-carat gold,** and reposes in a bed of primrose velvet. The set comes to you complete with blade. There is an air of elegance about this superb set which places it at once in the de luxe class. A very pleasant surprise is in store for you!



The 5/- "Passing Show" Pen.

Write with it! Experience its velvety touch. The nib is of 14 carat solid gold and has a jewel-like point of costly iridium. Fill it!—you can do so in a jiffy because it is a "lever self-filler." Admire it! See how wonderfully it is burnished—how magnificently chased — how finely finished. The workmanship is British throughout. A wonderful gift—one that will give you good service, and one that you will be proud to possess.

HERE is an offer to "John Bull" readers which for sheer magnificence is, we believe, quite unprecedented. But the offer which we are now making is limited for a few days only—no applications will be accepted after First post, Tuesday, October 1. If you are NOT already a reader of "The Passing Show," and if you will undertake to give "The Passing Show" a trial for ten consecutive weeks, we will present to you absolutely FREE a superb double gift, consisting of a genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set AND a 5/- Lever Self-Filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen, fitted with a 14-carat solid gold nib tipped with costly iridium.

A brief description of the two superb gifts which we are offering appears above. Read this description and see what we offer to every new reader who will give "The Passing Show" a trial for only ten weeks.

In order to qualify for your 15/6 Gift, we ask you to cut out and affix ten consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "The Passing Show" to the Gift Voucher which will be sent to you on receipt of the Reservation Form below.

to "John Bull" readers who will give the "Passing Show" a fair trial!

Directly your Gift Voucher, properly completed, is received by "The Passing Show," your FREE 15/6 Double Gift will be forwarded to you without delay. There is no catch. There are no hidden conditions. The full conditions are printed below.

Obviously we could not afford to make an offer of this nature were we not reasonably certain that after you have taken "The Passing Show" for ten weeks you will then wish to remain as a regular reader.

There is no other paper quite like "The Passing Show." It is the silver lining to life. It is the best thing in black and white for the blues. It turns life funny-side-out—it helps you to face your dentist with a smile, your income tax collector with a chuckle and your undertaker with optimism.

Fill in the forms below to-day. Hand the **Order Form** to your Newsagent. Post the **Reservation Form** to "The Passing Show." Upon receipt of the Reservation Form, a Gift Voucher will be posted to you, and at the same time a 15/6 Gift till be set aside and reserved in your name. **ACT NOW.** Remember this offer definitely closes **First Post, Tuesday, October 1.**

PASSING SHOW

BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST WEEKLY—TWOPENCE

Rules and Conditions.

The object of this scheme is to get bona fide new readers for "The Passing Show." We reserve the right to disqualify for our Gift any applicant who shall be found upon verification to be already a reader. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "The Passing Show" for the last three months.

In order to qualify for the Gift Set, it is necessary for the new reader to place an order with his newsagent for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show."

When applicants have qualified for Gift Sets they are required to send One Shilling to cover cost of packing postage, insurance and pocket clip, etc.

Not more than one member of a family living at one address may qualify for one of these Gifts.

This offer applies only to persons residing in the British Isles.

Important.

Be sure to post the RESERVATION FORM on the right to "The Passing Show" to-day. Directly this form is received our superb free Double Gift will be set aside and reserved in your name. Remember also that it is one of the conditions of our offer that you hand the ORDER FORM, on the extreme right, to your Newsagent. Kindly fill it in now and see that your Newsagent receives it before you post your Reservation Form to "The Passing Show."

Do not run the risk of missing your Gift by omitting to carry out this important condition.

Post this form to "The Passing Show."

POST AT ONCE

This Form brings your GIFT VOUCHER

Reservation Form

To "The Passing Show" (Dept. J.6). 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

This Form reserves in your name the Double Gift of a genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen.

I **CERTIFY that I am NOT** already a reader of "The Passing Show," and that I have not purchased "The Passing Show" for the last three months, also that I have not already qualified for one of the Free 15/6 Gifts under this scheme. I undertake, commencing with the number on sale this week, to give "The Passing Show" a trial for ten consecutive weeks. I have to-day placed an order with the under-mentioned newsagent for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," and give his name and address for verification purposes. In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name your Free Gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set, AND a 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen, and also send me the 15/6 Gift Voucher on which I may qualify for my Gift. As I have now placed a standing order for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," please register me under "The Passing Show" Free Travel and Accident Insurance Gift, and send me Registration Certificate setting forth full benefits and conditions. N.B.—You may post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. **Applicants MUST also enclose halfpenny stamped, addressed envelope to cover return postage on Gift Voucher and Registration Certificate.**

Z

Leave this space blank.

New Reader's Name.....

Address .....

.....

New Reader's Signature .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address ..... Date .....

CHECKED AND VERIFIED .....

J.B. 21.9.29.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. Available only up to first post Tuesday, October 1.

Don't forget to enclose halfpenny stamped address envelope for reply.

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

ORDER FORM

"THE PASSING SHOW"

Twopence Weekly.

To (Name of Newsagent) ...

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "The Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date.....

THE COMMUNITY SINGERS *[National Dog Week begins next Sunday]*

Without Fear or Favour

FIRST STEPS TO A BIG IDEAL

THE plan for a United States of Europe, put forward by M. Briand at Geneva, is not an idea that should be pushed aside as Utopian.

If it is not immediately practical politics, it is verging on it. We have ourselves more than once anticipated M. Briand's ideas in these pages.

An economically united Europe, with all tariff barriers swept away, holds out advantages too obvious to be stressed. It is not so much politics as common-sense, and, in our opinion, the pressure of world events is steadily forcing Europe to that position.

Whether Great Britain could or should contemplate anything further than purely economic unity it is too early to discuss.

Much water must flow beneath the bridges before a common basis can be found from which to approach so vast a problem. Economically the position is not very obscure; politically it is a veritable maze of doubt.

We have always urged as a thoroughly common-sense ideal complete Free Trade within the Empire. And in urging this we have not fallen into the reactionary trap of urging in addition swinging tariffs against everybody else. The one is quite possible without the other.

It is, unfortunately, becoming apparent that the Dominions have their eyes turned in quite other directions. The hope of any real tariff reciprocity between this country and the rest of the Empire is steadily receding.

MR. BRUCE has recently made it painfully clear that Australia has her own point of view and her own policy, which she is going to pursue without overmuch regard for the Mother Country.

It will not be surprising, therefore, if our statesmen turn their eyes to Europe as a possible alternative. Mr. W. Graham is already proposing a two-years' tariff "holiday" to give an opportunity of re-examining the whole position.

The question is, How far should we go? The Continental nations know quite well which side their bread is buttered. As a full-blown member of a United States of Europe we should be welcomed with open arms.

Nothing would please them better than to see us drawn into the welter of intrigue, alliance and counter-alliance that constitutes European politics.

We should be careful how we advance towards any such position. To some extent, the Treaty of Locarno brought us into it by making us a definite party to any future quarrel between France and Germany. We don't want to be drawn in any further.

The sweeping away of European tariff-walls is in the end going to be a real test of the League of Nations' ability to achieve peace. If agreement and conciliation cannot be obtained here, what hope is there on the much more difficult problem of actual disarmament?

Besides, if we could only sweep away these trade rivalries and jealousies, we should sweep away one of the most fruitful causes of war itself.

* * *

Razors and Reason

OPENING his charge to the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey Sessions, Sir Ernest Wild referred with special emphasis to crimes of violence.

"One observes with regret," he said, "the prevalence of the lethal weapon, such as the knife or razor. . . . We don't want the knife to be used in this country. It is peculiarly un-British."

We don't know why it is "peculiarly un-British." The thug is a thug, whatever his nationality, and his methods are those of the brute and the hooligan.

What Sir Ernest Wild ought to know, however, is that the razor and the knife are the favourite weapons of the race-gangs, who are as busy as ever. Bookmakers are terrorised and blackmailed by them, and their feuds constitute a racecourse menace that the police seem singularly loth to tackle.

If these racecourse thugs were eliminated, the razor and the knife would largely vanish with them. Why does not Sir Ernest drop a strong hint to Scotland Yard?

Labour's Pow-wow

THE Labour Party's twenty-ninth annual conference will shortly meet at Brighton, and there apply its brains to a "New Constitution" which its National Executive has drawn up.

This Constitution will, if the conference adopts it, do three things. It will tighten up relations between Labour headquarters and local Party branches, it will increase the cordiality and co-operation between the Party—as an official body—and the Trades Union Congress, and it will broaden the basis on which individuals will be allowed to enter the Party ranks.

Such a development results from Labour's triumphant months of power; and the prospect of years of Labour government which now confronts us.

Therefore, the Labour Party is wise in extending a welcome to all those sincere politicians who cannot contemplate the Tories without a shudder; but who need the scaffolding of a Party machine to build up their own contribution to public life.

By this wise step (which, by the way, few victorious Parties would condescend to take) Labour will consolidate the progressives of Britain within its fold.

All members of Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet will be on parade at Brighton—not just the stars to make complacent speeches, but the whole bunch.

Moreover, they are there to get down to brass tacks, to work in committee with the delegates, to hear every side of every motion.

Thus will be remedied the friction between Party machine and Cabinet, which so hampered the experiment of Labour government in 1924.

Once more the Labour Party has shown a serpent's wisdom. Country delegate and Cabinet Minister will rub shoulders. The first will be flattered, the second informed.

Both will return from Brighton invigorated by sea air and the feeling that the Labour movement has closed its ranks and is prepared to march on from attack to conquest.

Secrets o

General von Ludendorf, Germany's stormy petrel, reviewing Hakenkreuzlers. You can see the swastika (Hakenkreuz) emblem on their banners

The Stahlhelm parade in pomp at Magdeburg. They use the old flag of Imperial Germany, scorning the new colours of the Republic

THE world, last week, was shocked by the discovery of a vast conspiracy in Germany. Bombing, murder and outrage which had continued for years have all been traced to a group of reactionary political fanatics, who hoped to advance their opinions by intimidation and slaughter.

Like all detected conspirators, these men have no friends. Every political organisation has virtuously disowned all connection with them.

Yet there is no doubt that these plotters were members of one of the semi-military "Fascist" bodies which imperil the safety and peace of Central Europe by their network of revolutionary and violent designs.

Here is a pen-picture of how the most important among them are working against peace, reason and good citizenship.

Nestling in a curve in the green flanks of the hills is an old Austrian town. Its ancient houses seem to dream of past centuries.

But in vivid contrast with this old-world scene there sounds the blare of trumpets, and the peace of the city is broken by the measured tramp of marching men.

Voices are heard, full-throatedly singing a war song—one of the German battle-songs sung on the front during the World War. Then sharp words of command are bellowed in guttural German.

Into the market-place they come. They march rhythmically, with perfect order and discipline. Their field-green uniforms are of real military pattern; they wear steel helmets; the officers are distinguished by badges and arm-stripes.

Private army

This is not part of the Austrian army, as you might infer. This is a private army, the notorious Heimwehr.

They are unarmed, or apparently unarmed. They carry heavy walking-sticks—that is all you can see now.

Outside a large building, they halt. A word of command, and they seek to enter. But their entrance is opposed by uniformed guards.

There is a Socialist or Republican meeting going on, and the Social-Democratic Republican Defence League has its men posted at the entrance.

This organisation is another of the unofficial armies of Austria, formed, so they will tell you, only to resist the armed attacks of the Heimwehr and similar Fascist bodies.

For a moment there is an altercation. Then suddenly pistol-shots pierce the quiet. A hundred men or more come surging out of the hall and, in a moment a pitched battle is joined with revolvers, cudgels and knives. The police are curiously absent.

Presently the Heimwehr marches off, still in good order. A dozen bodies lie on the pavement; one hears the groans of wounded men. Within ten minutes they are in hospital, and quiet again reigns.

Such struggles are becoming more and more frequent in Austria; and the air is full of portents. The secret Fascist army, the Heimwehr, is growing in numbers and power, and all Europe is anxious. At any moment a *coup d'état* may take place, and the Heimwehr executes its threatened march on Vienna.

Not hidden

"A secret army?" you will ask. There is nothing very secret about this uniformed body which openly parades the streets.

But there is a secret side to the Heimwehr. Although it poses as a simple unarmed organisation of ex-Service men, it is everywhere known that the Heimwehr possesses hidden stores of arms and munitions.

It is known that in the remote mountainous areas of Austria it has carried out military manœuvres, and has even had machine-gun practice.

It is known also that its aim is a Fascist dictatorship for Austria, and the abolition of the provisions of the Treaty of St. Germain, which was signed after the war, and which reduced Austria to her present puny size.

Whence came the arms, in defiance of the Inter-Allied Commission?

Last April, the Vienna police raided the Doewag Machine Factory. Breaking through a thick wall, they discovered a secret store of several hundred rifles and a large number of steel helmets. How came they there? The factory management protested its entire ignorance of this store.

An authority reported recently from Vienna that "the Heimwehr, there is little doubt, is possessed not only of abundant revolvers, rifles and machine-guns (in part extracted from Austrian arsenals, in part sent into the country), but has also a limited number of field-guns hidden in the Tyrolese Alps."

How did these arms and munitions "disappear mysteriously" from Austrian Government arsenals and fall into the hands of the Austrian Fascists? Can it be possible that highly placed members of the Austrian army have facilitated these robberies? Such is a common belief in Austria.

Fighting is now almost continually proceeding, in one part of Austria or another. The red-stained list of conflicts grows ever larger. Manœuvres, drilling, forced marches are the order of the day.

Two months ago, Fascist troops, 500 strong, marched with steel helmets and entrenching tools through the Viennese working-class suburb of Mauer. Upon those who were arrested were found revolvers and bludgeons.

On one occasion the Heimwehr closed a mountain area on the borders of Salzburg and the Tyrol to conduct manœuvres, during which their private artillery practised with real shells.

It is not only in Austria that secret armies exist. In Germany, as the recent wholesale arrests show, there are various organisations aiming at the abolition of parliamentary government and its replacement by a Fascist or monarchist dictatorship.

Of the German organisations, the largest is the Stahlhelm ("Steel Helmets"). This organisation has claimed as many as one million adherents, including 100,000 members of the allied "Young Stahlhelm" organisation, from which "nationally-minded youths" graduate into the adult body.

The Stahlhelm seeks to preserve the old traditions of the German

...of the PRIVATE ARMIES

Rival Rebels Struggle for Power

Dr. Steidler, the Heimwehr's big man. He talks like a war-drunken emperor—just like the Kaiser, before 1914

Austrian Fascists marching through Vienna, but they are unarmed

army at the front in the World War.

The honorary president is no less a person than Field-Marshal Hindenburg himself, a fact which gives the Stahlhelm much prestige even in moderate circles. Its more irresponsible members include several younger members of the Hohenzollern family.

Armed conflicts between the Stahlhelm and other bodies occur frequently. Chief of the Stahlhelm's opponents is the Reichsbanner organisation, formed to support the German Republic. This also is a semi-military organisation. Then there is the Communist army, called the Red Front Fighters.

Hate hymn

The Stahlhelm panegyric of hate is well known in Germany. In part, it runs as follows:

"We hate this form of State because in it parliament reigns.

"We hate it because it prevents us from liberating our enslaved fatherland. . . .

"We hate it because it stands in the way of the re-conquest of the territory across our eastern frontier.

"We hate it because it is a bar to the military training of the German people."

Specially significant is the relation between the Stahlhelm and the Black Reichswehr, that armed body which was revealed to have an intimate and official connection with the German regular army, the Reichswehr.

The trials of certain Black Reichswehr officers disclosed the most horrifying acts performed under the oath of secrecy by its members. A series of murders, by knife, poison, beating, was revealed.

But the significant point is that a definite liaison has been disclosed between the Stahlhelm officials and the Black Reichswehr.

Slowly we see the secret monarchist army taking shape—the great mass organisation of the Stahlhelm, with over half a million men accustomed to bearing arms and sworn to obedience; then the Black Reichswehr.

But that is not all; there are the Viking League and the Hitlerites.

The Viking League is the creation of Captain Erhardt, one of the most notorious of reactionaries.

It has been forbidden in Prussia, but is kept going underground. It is the secret continuation of Captain Erhardt's Naval Brigade, which took a prominent part in the abortive monarchist uprising of 1920.

And now we come to the last body, the National-Socialists, who are not Socialists at all. This body is usually known as the Hakenkreuzlers, the Hakenkreuz being the swastika symbol which they have adopted as their badge.

The membership of this body consists mainly of young men, many of whom are students. They are on the Italian model, and long for a castor-oil régime. Their officers are ex-officers of the Kaiser's army. Their strongest centre is in Munich.

Two officers of the German Communist Red Front Fighters—the counterpart of the reactionary Stahlheim

No more squabbles

After some squabbling, these bodies are now settling their differences, and are forming a united Fascist and monarchist army.

Last December, the *Weltbühne*, a responsible weekly, asserted that the German secret reserve army was practically organised through a series of liaisons between the Stahlhelm, Erhardt and his Vikings, the Hitlerites and the Black Reichswehr.

It has been alleged, and never disproved, that at a secret meeting at Speckswinkel, in Hesse, Reichswehr and liaison officers of the Fascist bodies discussed questions of training in blowing up bridges, sabotage of electric power stations, the occupation of telephone exchanges, and other civil war tactics.

In other words, it was asserted that officers of Germany's regular army were assisting the secret army.

Why did General Reinhardt, former Prussian War Minister, suddenly and mysteriously resign in the autumn of 1927?

There were newspapers in Germany sufficiently sure of their facts to assert that the reason was in order to occupy himself with the building up of the secret army, and to connect it up, through monarchist officers, with the regular army.

Already the German monarchists are boasting that, when the day comes, they can depend on 2,500,000 men.

In several countries, what was once a secret army has, by means of a successful *coup d'état*, established itself as the national instrument of government.

This happened in Italy, when Mussolini's black-shirted irregulars

Dr. Seipel, Austria's parson Chancellor, was distracted and broken by private wars in his distressed country

placed him in supreme power over the State. It happened in Poland, where Marshal Pilsudski's Legionnaires marched on Warsaw and inaugurated a régime of their leader's dictatorship, which still endures.

Similar events have made the one-time Lithuanian irregulars the ruling caste in their own land. The same transformation took place in Finland.

In Hungary there are cross-currents among the monarchists. There are those who favour Prince Otto, son of the late Emperor Karl, and those—much stronger—who are working for an "elected king."

Their choice is for Archduke Albrecht, called the "Magyar Habsburg," who is strongly Fascist in his sympathies.

The latter are winning out as against the old Legitimists, whose one idea is to restore the Habsburg dynasty.

Julius Goemboes, a leader of the Hungarian Fascists, was accepted into the Hungarian Government, last October, and given the post of Under-Secretary for War.

It is believed his real mission is to complete the militarisation of the various semi-military private organisations in Hungary.

Prominent among these are the "Awakening Magyars." This body interests itself specially in providing military training for students in the secondary schools and universities—often under the guise of "sports and athletics."

Lost provinces

In this way they hope to produce a force of 800,000 trained and disciplined young men. And then will come the attempt to restore the old Hungarian province lost to Rumania after the war.

But their Rumanian neighbours are not to be outdone, so they have a nice little Fascist movement on their side of the border.

One Colonel Stoica began to form Rumanian Fascist bodies two or three months ago, and has met with some success. His son, the head of a department in the aircraft workshops, was accused of using his position to obtain arms.

And so the game goes on.

Secret drilling, manœuvres, hidden stores of arms; rumours of plots and counter-plots.

And all the time Central Europe and the Balkans are in the grip of this mad hysteria—this swollen and bumptious jingoism of the ex-officer classes of the great defeated Powers, spreading their hatred of democracy like an infection over great areas and over other lands.

You light your Manikin with confidence in its power to please.

Manikins are restful smokes ——Tasty, fragrant and soothing to the nerves—Staunch friends in times of trouble. They are not expensive either—10d. buys 5 of these choice little smokes and your tobacconist will be delighted to supply you—Try a packet to-night.

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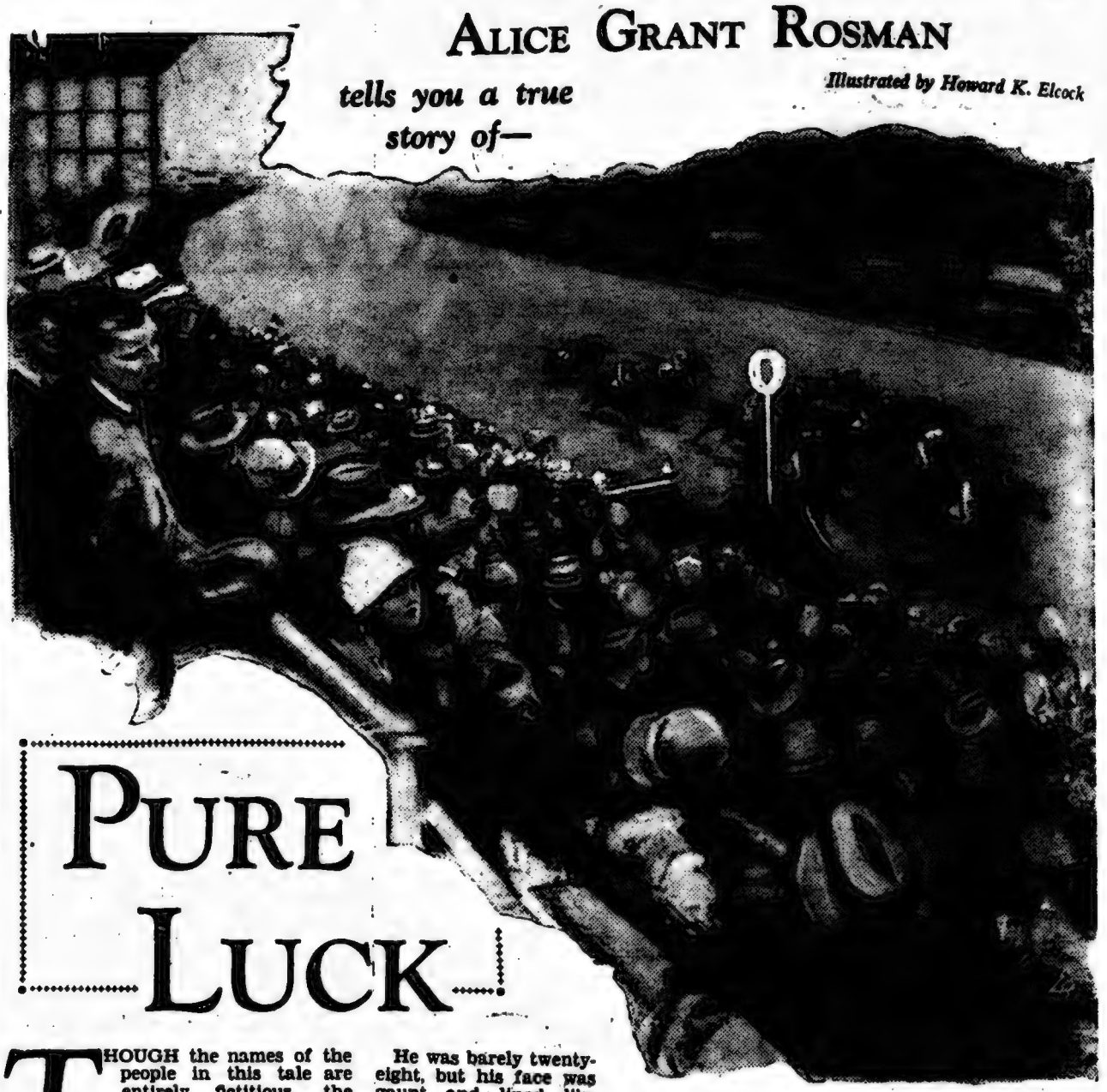

PURE LUCK

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Two days before he was to meet his creditors in town, Paul Lawrence rode on a disconsolate journey of farewell round the run which had been his home since birth, and his father's and grandfather's before him.

Once "Blue Hills" had been one of the most prosperous sheep-stations in South Australia, but disastrous droughts had changed all that, and Paul's father had learned too late the bitter lesson—the crying need of water conservation against such years as these.

The great artesian basin which was eventually to supply this need had not at this time been discovered; and father and son had fought the drought together with dogged courage; but it had been a heartbreaking business that killed the elder man at last.

Then through the merciless, blazing days, lengthening into meagre years, the young man had fought alone—fought to save the stock that lay weak and dying and piteous in the dried-up creek-beds, while cruel crows wheeled overhead and the whole parched, naked land could show no blade of green.

IT was all over now. The rains had come and the world smiled again, grown young by magic. Over the station paddocks, along the creek side, through the dim, grey-blue, mysterious vistas of the bush, there had been laid suddenly a carpet of green grass, and with it prosperity and hope were reborn.

But for Paul Lawrence it had come too late. Ruin faced him, and the bitter knowledge that it had been a losing fight made all the more horrible the memory of the days that lay behind.

He was barely twenty-eight, but his face was gaunt and lined like that of an old man. Spirit and youth had been burnt up in the service of his home, and now he was to lose it after all.

Very little of the stock had been saved, in spite of all his efforts. The station was mortgaged up to the last penny, and it would be quite impossible to restock the run, meet the interest on the mortgages and pay even the most pressing debts of the place.

A thousand pounds at the moment would have pulled him through, but where could he hope to obtain a hundred even without security?

AT a less disastrous season a dozen friends would have been forthcoming with offers of assistance, but, alas! they were squatters like himself, and needed every penny to save their own homes.

There was no help for it. Blue Hills must go, and the man who loved every inch of it with the passionate affection of those who have fought tooth-and-nail for a place, to lose it in the end, must face the world, homeless and penniless, and begin his life again.

Unless he chose to end it. He considered the idea rather listlessly as he rode round the run that morning. He saw no cowardice in it, for he was hardly normal then. If he had not been so extraordinarily weary, he would even have been a little wild.

Riding through a green world with all the changing colour and glory of the bush about him, he still saw only the parched lands and suffering creatures of those nightmare days of the drought.

"Cooee!"

The familiar bush call, uttered in a voice he knew, brought him suddenly to his senses, and he pulled up to look about him. A hundred yards away a track branched off to "Weary Hollow," the Careys' station, a dozen miles to the north.

It was Una Carey who had called him, and as he rode to meet her there was a look in his eyes that few things had the power to waken any more.

"The voices rose to a shout as the bay mare passed the judge's box. . . ."

The girl waited for him smiling, a sunburned, slim young creature, sitting her horse with easy grace.

She was considerably younger than Lawrence, but she, too, had left her careless youth behind her in the trying years just past, and the eyes that watched him now were a woman's eyes—clear, courageous, pitiful.

The Careys had been wealthy people—they would be wealthy again—and the girl was motherless and an only daughter. During the drought, therefore, there had been every excuse, as well as constant friends to urge her, to desert the station for the distractions and ease of life in town.

Being the bush-bred girl she was, she had done nothing of the kind. She had stayed at "Weary Hollow" with her father and brothers, laughing down their half-hearted storms of remonstrance; and if her presence had been their one consolation in that bitter time, to Lawrence it had been something more, a hope.

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"Oh, but I don't wonder. Paul, isn't it just heavenly, the greenness of everything? It fascinates me so that I can think of nothing else."

"It doesn't fascinate me," said Paul moodily. "I'm not so jolly altruistic. I can't forget that, as far as "Blue Hills" is concerned, some beastly stranger is going to reap the benefit."

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(*Continued on page 24.*)

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BRITISH MADE

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THE TOOTHPASTE FOR BEAUTIFUL TEETH AND HEALTHY GUMS

Tubes 1/3, double quantity 2/-.
From all chemists.

MADE BY GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS

"John Bull" Guarantee.

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All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

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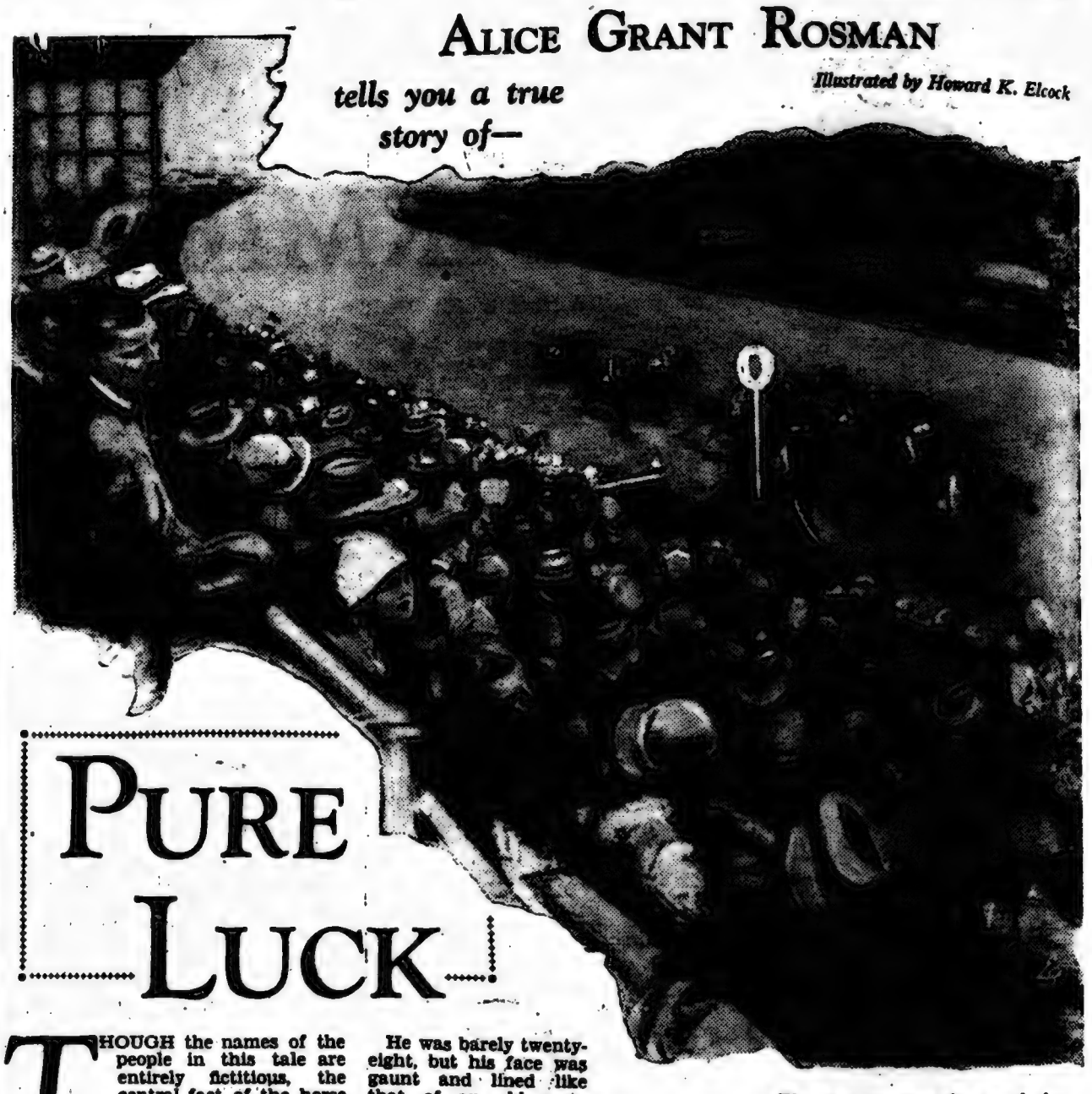

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In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

WRIGLEY'S

He'd rather miss his beer than miss his Kruschen!

—not one day sick in 40 years

"There is a lodger in this house who swears by Kruschen. He is 62, and has been 40 years in one employment and never lost a day's work. I regularly fetch him a 1/9 bottle of Kruschen, as he says he would rather go without his beer than Kruschen Salts. He enjoys the best of health. I have suffered from habitual constipation for years, and Kruschen has removed it; also my rheumatism. I am 77, and I enjoy good health. I am not rich in this world's good, but I can afford 1/- for a bottle and am never without it."

F. J. S., London, N.1.

8th July, 1929.

Kruschen removes all the waste matter that has been clogging the system, purifies and refreshes the blood, makes you tingle in every fibre with new health, new vigour, new joy. Millions of your fellow-beings know that Kruschen gives in joyous abundance just that health and happiness that make the difference between the boredom of existence and the zest of life. A priceless gift for a farthing a day. Take it with both hands.

Tasteless in Tea

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

Another Great Offer by BIG VALUE BLANFORD'S

CHARMING REP FROCKS FOR 1/- DOWN.

These Rep Frocks are better than ever. They are not to be confused with dressmakers' make; they are tailor-made by men tailors.

This Frock is made of fine all-wool Rep. A real West End model with pleated skirt, beautifully tailored, and trimmed with Calais lace collar and cuffs. It can be worn with or without the lace collar and cuffs. The front of the dress is nicely fashioned, and trimmed with the best quality silk piping. Every detail has been carefully studied. In shades of Navy, Lido, Cedar, New Cocoa, New Beige, Almond and Black. Price 25/11 and 4/6 extra for 45 in., 48 in., 50 in., O.S. and X.O.S. Send for one, and if you are not satisfied, return it, and we will refund your money. Send 1/- (no further payment required until you have had the Frock one month) and agree to pay 4/- per month; also let us have your bust measure, length and colour required.

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Hundreds of letters received from satisfied customers. Many write to say they had no idea they could get such good value for credit.

John Blanford

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"PURE LUCK"

(Continued from page 22)

cause you have such grit, and by the time you've made your fortune 'Blue Hills' may be in the market again."

"Oh, rather!"

Both statements were so unconvincing that they looked at each other with something of their old humour and smiled.

"I shan't come back," said Paul after a moment, suddenly, as though to break it to her. "I haven't any grit or spirit left, I think."

"Oh, but you must." Her voice shook, but she went on steadily: "Of course, you are dead tired—worn out by the frightful struggle and the sickening work and all this worry at the end of it. But, of course, you must come back—if not for your own sake, Paul, for mine."

"Una!"

The cry seemed wrung from him, but there was that in it which brought her eyes to his face with a joyful smile.

"God knows, I never meant to let you see how I felt," he told her. "I'm ruined, Una. My darling, don't you see, I've known for months, years even, what was coming, and I dared not speak."

"I know all about that. Of course, you couldn't speak, and, of course, I could, or what is the use of my tongue? And now you are going away to try your luck and I'm going to wait at 'Weary Hollow' until you come for me."

"UNA, I can't do it. Do you think I don't love you too much to tie you to a penniless wreck? We'll say good-bye, dear, and you'll forget all about me, the poor devil you've made the happiest man on earth."

"How like your sex," said Una, and she laughed, though not too successfully. "I've made you the happiest man on earth, so you march away. It doesn't matter that in the meantime you're making me the most miserable woman.

"Oh, Paul, I know I'm talking nonsense, but so are you. I love you, and I'm going to wait for you, so there! I dare you not to come back."

He leant to her suddenly and took her in his arms.

"I'll come," he said.

• • •

Lawrence went to Adelaide next day to be in time for the meeting of his creditors early on the morrow. It was a holiday, and the little Australian city, set in its green gardens between the mountains and the sea, was full of people hurrying off in search of pleasure. Naturally, it made the young man feel all the more desolate.

It was impossible to transact any business since the offices were closed, nor were there any friends whom, in his changed condition, he cared to visit.

He stood at the hotel window looking out, and suddenly came to a decision. There were races that afternoon, and cars and cabs were hurrying past on the way to the course.

In Australia nearly everybody goes to the races, and the Lawrences had always been members of the leading clubs, though they knew little of the sport.

Paul decided that, since it would cost him nothing, he might as well spend the afternoon there as in the solitude of the hotel lounge, so half an hour later he had joined the crowds parading the lawns before the grand-stand.

A band was playing and a riot of colour was all about him, roses blazing in formal beds and swinging from trellised archway. Myriads of girls there were, in lovely frocks.

TO Lawrence, after his first swift pleasure in the scene, it brought a disturbing realisation of his shabby clothes—there had been no time to think of such vanities of late—and he moved away to the more masculine end of the lawn, where he would not feel so conspicuous.

Although he had neither the means nor the inclination to "have a bit on" at the moment, he found himself moving with the crowd that surged about the long, low totalisator building.

On one side of it the shuttered windows displayed the names of the horses entered for the next race, together with the exact amount invested on each up to the present moment.

Lawrence read them idly and without interest. He saw that £99 had been placed on Deodar, £33 on Blue Moon, £107 on Kelpie, and so on down the line. Finally, he came to a horse called The Goose, which had found not a single backer, and said to himself:

"Poor beggar! Down on his luck, like me."

NEXT moment he had gone to the totalisator window, produced a pound, and asked for a ticket for The Goose.

"Can't let the poor devil go into the race without a pal," he thought. "I suppose I'm a sentimental ass."

The saddling bell rang soon afterwards, and he stood beside the rails as one by one the horses were led out.

The Goose appeared at last, a beautiful bay mare with a long, sensitive head, and Lawrence, like all bushmen a lover of horses, felt his heart go out to the graceful creature immediately. Somehow he felt his sentimental gesture had been justified.

No one recognised him as he took his seat in the stand, and he sat apart, watching wistfully the gay little parties all about him.

"We are certainly birds of a feather, The Goose and I," he thought.

Just then a great shout went up as the race started, the people jumped on the seats, adjusting their glasses and shouting explanations and encouragement to each other.

"Deodar's leading. . . . No, it's green and white now. . . . What's the fool pulling ahead so early for? . . . That must be Kelpie coming up."

LAWRENCE heard it all without much interest. He did not expect any return for his reckless investment, having noticed that when you badly need money the god of chance is generally looking the other way; but after a while the general excitement brought him to his feet with the rest.

He had neither glasses nor race-card, and not having noticed The Goose's colours, he was dependent upon his neighbours' comments for information.

"Jove, old Deodar will win yet! Isn't he a stayer? . . . Now Kelpie's making the pace. . . . What's that in front, though? . . . Red cap and sleeves. . . . Green's coming along again. . . . Deodar! . . . Deodar!"

"Hullo!"

The exclamation was shouted almost in Lawrence's ear, and he pressed forward to see what the excitement was about. The horses were in the straight now, and a bay mare, hitherto inconspicuous in the race, had darted suddenly forward and very surely and steadily was leaving the others behind. There was a moment's dismayed silence, then the voices of the crowd broke out again.

"Who is it? . . . Here, let me see. . . . Good lord, it's The Goose or I'm a Dutchman. . . . Deodar's beaten for a cert. . . . Hasn't got a ghost of a show against a blessed torpedo like that. . . . The Goose! . . . The Goose! . . . The Goose!"

The voices rose to a shout as the bay mare passed the judge's box some lengths ahead; but it was excitement rather than triumph that inspired the ovation.

No one had dreamed that The Goose would win, and the one man in all that crowd who had backed her had done it from purely sentimental reasons.

Now he sat and smiled to himself, thinking:

"My luck must be changing. Well, I can do with a few pounds."

Then someone near him exclaimed: "She was a rank outsider. It ought to be a big dividend." And Lawrence saw his gains mounting to £20 or even £50.

With new interest he hurried down to the board, where presently the sum would be posted for the world to see. A little crowd had already gathered there, and when at last the figures went up there was a gasp and a shout from those in front, and over the lawns the sensation spread like wild-fire.

It was not £20 nor £50 The Goose had earned her champion, but the astonishing dividend of £999.

As there was only one backer, the entire sum invested on the race, minus the small totalisator percentage, was paid to him.

AND so, by one of the most extraordinary examples of pure luck in the history of racing, Paul Lawrence, who had come there an hour ago ruined and almost penniless, left the course a man of property again.

"Blue Hills" was saved, and very soon there was a wedding at "Weary Hollow." Good seasons, plentiful rain and thriving stock at length drove away the demons of debt and mortgage from both stations, and Paul Lawrence grew young again.

The Goose never repeated her famous triumph, and soon it was almost forgotten, except by the people who had the best of good reasons to remember.

At last, when funds permitted, the two went on a journey. The outcome of it was that the bay mare left the training stables and went to live a peaceful and pampered life in the homestead paddock at "Blue Hills."

"Shut your eyes if you'd like me to remove the gag"

Next Week:

C. A. NICHOLSON'S

***True* Story,**

"A HOLD-UP"

Pick up these

GOLD NUGGETS

BEFORE putting any money down for that bet, read "Turf Nuggets" in "The Sporting Life" Weekly Edition, every Saturday, forty pages for twopence.

"Noted in the Ring," "Form Horses," "Points from Training Quarters," "Horses to Note," are some of the other features which are bristling with good points for the keen student of racing.

Get the "Weekly" next Saturday—it may make all the difference between "win" or "lose."

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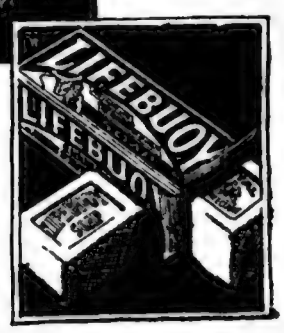
Schoolmasters everywhere praise the Lifebuoy habit

Ask anyone who knows boys. Ask them, as we have, what they think of the Lifebuoy habit. Back comes the answer from School-teachers, Scoutmasters, Heads of Boys' Clubs—"with cleanliness goes a new spirit of self-respect." These people who **know** are enthusiastic over the Lifebuoy habit.

Yet it is almost as easy to get a boy into the Lifebuoy habit as it is to get him keen on cricket. Such manly, bubbly, jolly stuff is Lifebuoy. Teach your boy to wash his hands with Lifebuoy before every meal. Start him in this habit and you've started him towards the heights he must conquer when he is a man. Remember, too, that the Lifebuoy habit is the health habit.



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DOGS who keep their MASTERS

A string of dogs of all kinds "on parade" with their kennel-maids. These girls are learning to take their place in the great dog industry

Motherless! A kennel-maid feeds an orphan from the bottle

THE dog has become a national industry in Britain. During the present century dog-keeping, dog-fancying and dog-breeding have become occupations which support thousands of homes.

Next Sunday, September 22, inaugurates the recently established annual festival of the dog—"National Dog Week," when shows, lectures, cinema films and every other kind of propaganda will proclaim the virtues and needs of the "friend of man."

The amount of money involved in the British dog trade and in the care and maintenance of dogs in this country runs into many millions, and continues to increase steadily.

Many thousands of pounds are now invested each year in the establishment of dog hotels, boarding-places, nursing-homes, crèches, kennel-schools, training-places, and the like; and the army of kennel-men and kennel-maids receives (and needs) new recruits every week.

A great new motor garage in the West End of London found it necessary to provide a crèche for the convenience of motorists who need safe quarters in which to leave their dog passengers.

APART from motor ambulances built specially for the transport of dogs, the big breeders have motor-vans with comfortable accommodation for as many as a dozen hounds or dogs or for twice that number of "little fellows."

There are dog-owners whose weekly kennel bills—for food, labour and general upkeep—run to between £50 and £100, and whose profits are very well worth having.

And there are any number of the lesser fanciers who make their hobby a paying business, and who clear from £100 to £500 a year over and above expenses.

Besides these there are the hundreds of fanciers who do not aim at more than paying expenses, and are not too particular about even that.

There are single firms in the dog industry whose advertising alone costs them over £20,000 per annum. The production of dog foods is no haphazard affair nowadays, but a matter of perfectly appointed scientific laboratories for testing and experimenting, and of huge factories involving millions of pounds in capital and employing thousands of workers.

It is no more than seventy years since the first dog show was held (in Newcastle), and accounted some sixty odd entries a success. Now some fifteen hundred separate shows are held each year in this country.

Two and three thousand entries apiece attract no special notice, and the biggest are almost on the ten thousand mark. Several miles of benching and many tons of specially prepared foodstuffs are provided by the caterers for such an event as the Kennel Club's Annual Show at the Crystal Palace.

A thousand pounds is often offered and refused for a single dog at shows like this.

In insurance alone there is a huge business done with owners of champion dogs. Some of the winners of championship cups at the big shows are covered by policies for thousands of pounds.

BESIDES these big industries dependent on the dog for their existence, there are a hundred and one small trades bound up with dogs.

Printers who produce periodicals devoted to dogs, advertising agents who handle stud and kennel advertisements, leather firms who specialise in producing dog-collars, harness and leads, manufacturers of kennels, feeding bowls, brushes, combs and veterinary supplies—all these depend for their living on the fact that we keep some three million dogs.

In pre-war days we fancied doggy progress was booming, but the official registrations at the Kennel Club, in Piccadilly, number each year more than three times the pre-war average, despite the fact that thousands of dogs, even of the bluest blood, live and die unregistered.

The dog-breeding industry attracts all sorts of men and women. Retired generals, society women anxious to augment a meagre income, brewers, cider manufacturers, income-tax officials, and even sailors are all ardent dog-breeders. There are also thousands of working-men breeders, who produce excellent dogs as a hobby.

Why are so many various folk attracted to dog-breeding? Not only for love of the animals, but also because the game is a great gamble.

Any breeder may suddenly "strike lucky" and produce a pup which carries all before it in the show-ring. And one such animal establishes its owner's fortunes.

If it is a dog, it becomes a renowned sire, whose services are sought from all parts of the world. If it is a bitch, its litters of puppies may literally be worth their weight in gold at the moment of their birth.

Greyhound-racing, of course, has exercised a profound influence on the dog industry.

During the first wild boom of the sport, when it seemed to the sanguine that every town would soon boast its own dog-racing track, hundreds of inexperienced fools set up as breeders and dealers in greyhounds.

Most of them are now regretting their rash speculation. Greyhound-racing, however, has brought fortunes to many breeders who formerly specialised in other varieties of dog.

A YOUNG dog with a brilliant turn of speed and a "cast-iron" pedigree is worth £100 of any racing-owner's money, while the cracks among electric-hare chasers fetch three and four times this amount.

Perhaps the greatest difficulties which dog-breeders must contend with are the sudden and apparently inexplicable changes of fashion in dogs. Sometimes the fact that a popular personage takes up a certain breed of dog will result in a boom for that variety.

For example, when the King, the Prince of Wales, and other distinguished people, such as Lord Birkenhead, started to keep Cairn terriers, the price of these little animals rocketed. Their breeders reaped large profits—and half the dog world started breeding Cairns.

Sometimes, however, the change in fashions of dogs has no discoverable cause.

Pugs came and went: dachshunds flourished until the unpopularity of all things German in 1914 killed them; Alsatians were introduced, became violently smart, and have now perhaps passed their zenith of favour.

The really successful dealer must gauge these whims of the public accurately. Otherwise he may be left with dozens of dogs on his hands which are no longer in fashion and whose price has suddenly slumped from twenty guineas to £2 apiece.

Fashion is a worse bugbear to the breeder than distemper.

In fact, the only breeders who can ignore its changes are those who specialise exclusively in dogs who work for their living.

THE breeder and trainer of gun-dogs—retrievers, setters and spaniels—the man whose only care is coursing greyhounds or whippets, the expert in Old English sheep-dogs—these can afford to laugh at fashion; because so long as shooting, coursing and sheep-keeping remain their livelihoods are secure.

And so the dog is the "friend of man" in many senses. He is not only a companion, guard and servant, but also a breadwinner who provides for thousands of homes, and earns handsome bank-balances for those shrewd enough to exploit him to the utmost of his commercial possibilities.

Always Happy & Healthy

HAPPY and healthy—full of energy and romping fun—every father and mother delights in this evidence of glorious health.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

"Ovaltine" supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form. It is prepared from the richest of Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk, and eggs—and contains an abundance of the nutritive elements which build up brain and body, and create energy and vitality.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their sturdy growth, their freedom from illness and the increased energy and vitality they possess. See on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

Delicious

'OVALTINE'

for cheeks aglow with Health!

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P.555

'SMILER'
Fed on
Cow and Gate

BABIES REARED ON 'COW & GATE', HAVE STURDY LIMBS AND GAIN IN WEIGHT

The flesh-forming and sustaining elements in "Cow and Gate" are precisely right for present and future health. Feeds are taken regularly, and progress is regular. "Keeps" well, and is free from contamination.

Cow & Gate Milk Food

Cow's milk made safe and suitable for baby.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AT HOME & ABROAD, 1/6, 2/3, 7/8 PER TIN

Some babies cannot digest rich milk. They should be put on Cow and Gate half Cream (BLUE TIN) 2/6.

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No need to add Vitamin D to food as rich as C. & G.

His thirst love!

What is the drink he eyes so lovingly? Good lager is his darling. Such lager as that of Barclay's brewing. Ocean-deep, with a white head of froth! Every bursting bubble a promise of mature delight! Should you be utterly parched, or know that you will soon have a quench-worthy thirst, shout for a Barclay's. Barclay's light or Barclay's dark—how happy could any man be with either!

BARCLAY'S LAGER

LIGHT OR DARK

The drink for a lordly thirst

"I believe Hall's Wine saved my life"

"I have found Hall's Wine do me more good than anything else. I have used it now for this last eight years. I am suffering from a strained heart through Overwork. I tell all my friends I believe your Hall's Wine has saved my life."

Mrs. B. Roper, 12, Granville Rd.
Upper Parkstone, Dorset.

The enthusiastic letter reprinted here is an example of what thousands of people say who have proved for themselves the value of Hall's Wine. They know by experience Hall's Wine is unequalled as a restorative in all cases of

Anæmia, Convalescence, Overwork, Neuralgia, Exhaustion, Depression and all run-down conditions.

Large Bottle 5/6. Smaller size 3/3.
Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, &c.

803

How the CHANGE of SEASONS affects your dog

NATURE intended the dog to roam and change his mode of living with the seasons, and if you wish to protect your dog from the penalties of domestication you should give him a little extra care and attention at every seasonal change in the weather.

For four months he has been trying to avoid overheating his blood. Now he is getting ready for cold nights, and is trying to condition and fortify himself.

He will be in perfect condition in less than 10 days if you give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders (tasteless). These powders purify and refresh the blood and tone up the whole system, curing and *preventing* all ailments due to poor blood condition such as **Listlessness, Eczema, Loss of Appetite, Excessive Scratching, Shedding Coat Irregularly**, etc. Since 1892 all famous breeders have conditioned their dogs with Bob Martin's Condition Powders (tasteless).

For your dog's sake always keep a packet handy.

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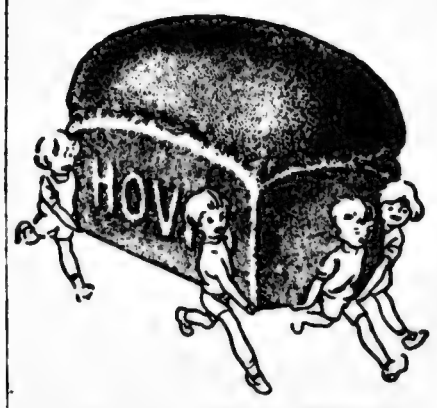

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7 PER CARD.

"P" Class Civil Servants leaving their office at Kew. The lonely one sits by the river during his lunch hour—and wonders how to make both ends meet

P stands for Poverty in the CIVIL SERVICE

A ROYAL COMMISSION has been appointed to examine the whole working of the Civil Service system in Britain. There is one grave scandal it must not overlook.

Thousands of ex-Service men are employed by the Treasury at a wage that a trade union would have rejected. Many Civil Servants would frankly be better off on the "dole."

Yet these men, officially known as P class clerks, are engaged in dealing with huge income-tax figures. The temptations must be great, and the opportunities for dishonesty many. On an average these ex-Service men receive only £3 a week each.

The actual rate of pay begins at £70 a year, plus a bonus based on the cost-of-living index. The majority earn between £150 and £160 a year, and on this sum they have to support themselves in a manner suited to the official status which they hold.

When it is realised that these men are all over thirty, and that many have wives and children, the impossibility of their position will be understood.

The work upon which P class clerks in the income-tax department are engaged is by no means without responsibility. It consists chiefly of digging out material for assessments and making tentative assessments for the approval of the inspector.

No-time inspector

Obviously in a populous district the inspector has no time to examine each assessment, and in practice many of those made by the clerks go out unaltered.

According to the cost-of-living index, on which the bonuses of these unfortunate men are based, rent should account for no more than 16 per cent. of income.

But a married man with a wife and two children would require a house at a rental of at least 25s. a week. There are suitable houses at this rental on the L.C.C. estate at Roehampton.

But P class clerks have had their applications refused on the ground that their earnings were insufficient.

So we have the ridiculous position of the Government paying its clerks a certain wage and telling them that they must live in a decent house, while the L.C.C. informs them that they do not earn enough to rent one of these houses.

There are no actual rules forbidding a P class clerk to live in a poor neighbourhood. But every year a report is made on each Civil Servant, and on this report promotion and his annual wage depend.

If a clerk appeared shabbily dressed or was known to be living in an unsuitable house it would tell against him in this report.

The result is that many of these men are paying 30s. a week, or nearly half their salary, in rent. Out of the remaining half have to come fares, food, the education of their children, and clothing—holidays and entertainments obviously cannot figure in their budget.

It is not surprising to find that, although the offices do not open until ten, many of these clerks arrive in town at eight o'clock, in order to save a few pence by taking a workman's ticket. The two hours until the office opens are spent in walking the streets.

Many attempt to earn a few additional shillings a week by outside work after the offices have closed. Some go straight to the telephone exchange, where they work as night operators from 6 p.m. until 11 p.m.

They arrive home at about midnight and have to be up again at six, in order to catch a workmen's train.

The work at the telephone exchange is done with the connivance of the Post Office, which actually gives preference to Civil Servants.

Several cases have been discovered recently of P class clerks selling programmes at greyhound-racing meetings, and many earn extra money by methods quite unknown even to their friends.

The sick rate amongst these Civil Servants is exceptionally high, although this may be due partly to the fact that they are all ex-Service men, some of whom are still suffering from their war-time experiences.

The rules of the Civil Service do not forbid a man taking spare-time work as long as it does not interfere with "the efficient discharge of his duties."

But to any sane person it must be obvious that a man cannot catch a train at 7 a.m., and work from 10 a.m. in the morning until 11 p.m., day after day, without injury to his health.

Eating apart

Most Civil Service buildings have organised a co-operative restaurant in which lunches can be obtained at exceptionally low rates. Yet such is the state of P class clerks that they cannot afford to lunch with their colleagues, and special rooms have been set aside in which they can eat their sandwiches.

Hard-pressed Civil Servants are easy prey for the moneylender, who is not slow to seize his opportunity. Many of these clerks are heavily in debt.

Failure to pay brings a threat of exposure from the usurer, and if there seems no chance of getting the money the threat is carried out, partly for spite and partly as a warning to other debtors. In some cases suicide seems the only escape.

Another heavy burden on the P class clerk is the cost of frequent removals. The policy of the Treasury is to move these men from place to place at frequent intervals, so that they never have the opportunity of becoming friendly with the residents, with the ensuing temptation of an under-assessment.

The cost of removal is borne by the department, but there are many additional expenses that fall heavily on a man earning £3 a week.

If he has children at school, for instance, and the removal takes place during the middle of a term, he has to pay for their board for a period of perhaps six or eight weeks.

The majority of these clerks have no bright prospects. Since the majority of them became Civil Servants between thirty-five and forty-five, they have little chance of being promoted.

The men in the higher positions are of their own age and were appointed at the same time, with the result that few vacancies will occur until they have reached the retiring age of sixty.

The short-service period of these men means that the pensions they will receive will be quite inadequate, and the country will be faced with another difficulty. What can a married man of sixty do with £2 a week?

Hard old age

Their salaries have not been sufficient to allow any worth-while saving. In five or ten years thousands of these clerks will be retired and have to face a comfortless old age.

When approached on the subject of an increase in the salary of these clerks, the Treasury argues that a further 10 to 15 per cent. must be added to their incomes for the pension they will receive.

In other words, these men are paying a tenth of their income towards a fund for a pension. But if they retire before sixty they receive not a penny of this, the whole sum, presumably, going into the pockets of the Government.

There are 300,000 members of the Civil Service. Half of these receive only £3 a week, while a further 150,000 receive £4 a week or less. There are cases on record of clerks who have lost their jobs and eventually been better off on the "dole," supplemented by relief from the guardians.

Every year a number of Civil Servants actually in the employment of the Government receive assistance for their wives and children from the guardians.

The only remedy is the adoption of a minimum wage for adults and the revision of the cost-of-living index, so that it is in keeping with the actual facts.

ARE YOU BEING POISONED?

Poisoned by incomplete elimination!

Constipated? No, you will say indignantly. But does your mirror say *no*, too? Does it perhaps show you a muddy skin, eyes tinged with yellow, a coated tongue? If so, nature is warning you that you are suffering from incomplete elimination. Your system is not *entirely* ridding itself of its daily waste. There is a residue of decay poisoning your bloodstream, making you old before your time.

Beware of constipation—and particularly *unsuspected* constipation. A glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" every morning gently dismisses the waste toxins from your system before they have had time to be absorbed into your blood. Eno is a sparkling saline drink, pleasant to take, and natural and complete in its action. It has been prescribed by doctors for sixty years as the one safe and simple preventive of constipation.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Eno costs 1/6 *and* (*double quantity*) 2/6. *The words* ENO *and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks*

A busy day is child's play, if you make it a point of duty to stop everything now and again to have another Glacier Mint.

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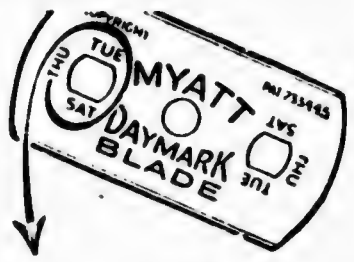

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Eternal BATTLE *in the* QUIET CREEKS

Who puts the OYSTER *to bed?*

"Hauling up those curious semi-triangular nets"

"With their culling-knives they scrape unsightly growths from the shells"

THE acquaintance with the oyster dates only from the time of its slow demise.

How many of us have met him in the restful intimacy of his bed? How are oysters bred and reared?

Who weeds out the unfit and preserves the excellent of the species? Who maintains order amidst the tumultuous masses which lie clinging to rock under the green wash of waters?

We do not realise that hundreds of men are engaged during the season, and scores of them throughout the year, in the care of oyster-beds; and yet still more of them in tearing these reluctant shellfish from their homes and packing them for shipment.

Oyster nurses

To seek out the men who earn a living on the oyster-beds we must go to the capital of the English native, Colchester—ancient city of grey spires, narrow, winding ways and irregular red roofs which have hardily withstood the storms of centuries.

A few miles from Colchester lies Brightlingsea, where various channels and creeks form the resting-place for oysters, native and foreign.

Here, in Pyefleet creek, mature those "natives" whose scarcity and high price place them beyond the reach of the millions; and also of those Spanish, Dutch, French or American oysters which are imported to these waters for fattening.

The area, however, where the native oysters are developed is strictly separated from the resting-grounds of the humbler and much cheaper foreign varieties.

Those men who work the year round on the beds cherish and protect the young oyster from infancy to maturity. In the beginning is the "spat," the reproductive spawn of the oyster.

Millions of spats are washed away, but in order to facilitate their settling, "cultch"—old cockle-shells or other material—is spread over the bed of the river, for spat will not settle on mud.

The spat is so small that it can be seen only with the aid of a magnifying-glass. Later on, the infant spat becomes a "brood." Then, at three years of age, the "brood" oysters become "half-ware."

At this stage the halfwares are picked and relaid. And in seven years they become fully developed and are termed "ware"; they are then fit for the fattening-ground and market.

A good deal of the time of the men who work on the oyster-beds is occupied in the eternal battle against the enemies of the oyster.

Of these, the worst is a bad winter. Frost and snow may destroy as much as 50 per cent. of the young stock. Not only this, but the survivors may be very weak, thus decreasing the next season's spawning.

Full work on the oyster-beds begins in March and continues until the beginning of July, when fattening commences.

The work is done by members of the ancient Company of Dredgermen, otherwise known as the freemen of the fisheries.

The right to share in the co-operative exploitation of the native fisheries by the Colchester Corporation and the Company of Dredgermen is accorded only to these hereditary freemen of the seven parishes, Brightlingsea, St. Osyth, Colchester, Rowhedge, Wivenhoe, Fingringhoe and East Donyland.

A would-be member of the company must serve an apprenticeship as a mariner or fisherman. This is not very difficult in the Brightlingsea area, where many men are occupied in fishing—and especially "spratting"—in the winter months.

Yacht hospital

Brightlingsea is also famed as a home and as a hospital for racing-yachts; and it is traditional to draw upon the men and youths of the seven parishes to man these fleet craft.

Oyster dredging is still mostly done by sailing-craft in these waters, but the big steam-dredger has already appeared. The dredgermen go out at seven in the morning and must be back by one o'clock, so that the oysters may be despatched by the afternoon trains to the cities.

A steam-dredger will carry about fourteen men in the "big season." While some of these are engaged in dredging, lowering and hauling up those curious semi-triangular nets, whose shape has hardly differed throughout the centuries, others are cleaning the oysters, classifying them according to size (this is called "culling") and packing them ready for shipment.

These processes are similar on both the native beds and the imported; although the men working on the imported beds are outside the traditional duties and benefits of the "freemen."

In the river Colne above where only natives lie, there are about three miles of the "layings." The size of this area, together with that of the imported "layings," will give an idea of the large extent of the territory covered by the dredgermen's fleet during the season.

A daily wage, averaging 8s. 6d., is earned by those dredgermen who work for an employer. In some cases two or three men will own a small boat and divide the proceeds of their catch among themselves.

The foreign oysters are brought over here in spring and are laid in the beds to rest after their journey, and to fatten up. There are those who deplore the introduction of foreign oysters in our waters.

But so long as the price of the native is prohibitive—which means as long as the British oyster is reared as a rare luxury article for the rich—the plebeian, but quite tasty, Portuguese, Dutchman or American will be brought over to fatten in British waters, later to satisfy the demand for oysters at a reasonable price.

Tenderly!

With tender care all oysters, native and foreign, which have not been dredged for the season's sales are placed in the "pits" in autumn.

These pits, or "pets," as the fisher-folk prefer to call them, are shallow ponds, some 3 ft. in depth, in which the oysters are placed to protect them against the frosts of winter. It is claimed that still water is a far better protection than the tides of the creeks.

It is not only in the rivers and creeks that oysters may be found. In Brightlingsea harbour you may see, riding at rest upon the placid water, large yawls and ketches, which sail far out to dredge the depths of the English Channel for oysters half as large as dinner-plates.

Next time you sit awaiting a large round plate of half-shells, within which nestle those subtly tempting morsels all garnished with rounds of lemon, remember the still, sandy creeks of Brightlingsea.

Remember the black-boarded shacks upon the beach where the oysters are cleaned and culled.

The cullers sit in a long row before the pile of shellfish, many of them white-bearded workmen, adepts for half a century in their art, and their hands move with incredible rapidity as with their culling-knives they scrape unsightly, although harmless, growths from the shells.

See the dredgermen filing ashore after a day on the beds. For several months in the year they see nothing, hear of nothing, but oysters, oysters all the time.

Then, when the last fat consignments are packed within the gaping vans of the waiting trains, their work is ended.

Now they must find work in the fishing-fleets, if they are lucky enough, until once more the time comes round when the relaying and dredging of oysters must again commence.

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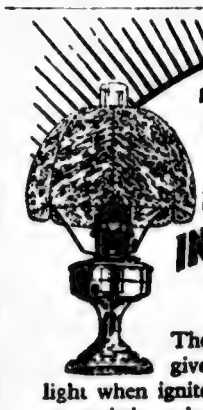

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WANDERLUST— *will it wreck a* LOVE NEST?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "Humanist" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

THREE years ago, when I was twenty-seven, I fell in love with a boy of twenty, who was then going to college. We became engaged, and determined to marry as soon as he had finished his training as a teacher and could find a job.

Three months ago he took his last examination, and was immediately offered a wonderfully interesting though badly-paid job in Africa.

He has always had a passion for travelling, and this job may take him from Africa to India, Australia and Canada, with the prospects of a really good position in England at the end of eight or nine years.

If he accepts this job it means that we cannot possibly get married, as the salary would not enable two people to live abroad. Moreover, I am passionately desirous of having a child, and we certainly should not be able to afford that.

In any case, I could not go with him, for the doctor has told me that my health would not stand a tropical climate.

It is useless to think of my waiting—I shall be nearly forty when he returns. Of course, he has offered to refuse the job, and try to get something in England, but I know that he does not really want to do that.

It terrifies me, too, to think that this sacrifice should make him unhappy, that he should feel "cabined and confined" in the atmosphere of the home life we should lead, when he could have been free, travelling in foreign lands.

Should I sacrifice his career and prevent him doing the thing he has always longed for, or sacrifice my own desires for a home and children?

"HUMANIST" says: It is difficult for me to give you advice without knowing you both intimately. If his love is of the kind that will endure in spite of your being seven years his senior, then he should stay at home and marry you.

I doubt, however, if it is. His yearning to travel shows his love for you is not everything.

You, in turn, appear to be more in love with the prospect of a home and children than with the young man. I think you should let him go. You will run great risks otherwise.

A DEAD WOMAN

Robbed

MY sister was a stewardess on a well-known line of passenger boats and was able to augment her earnings with gifts from passengers.

In this way she acquired not only a comfortable sum in the savings bank, but quite a goodly store of household effects and objects of interest.

Unfortunately, we were not on very good terms, so during her shore leave my sister did not stay with me, but with a cousin who has a large flat near the port of sailing.

Here my sister had rooms furnished with goods which were as much mine as her own, for they had belonged to our mother, whom my sister nursed through her last illness.

In the circumstances, I did not claim a thing when mother died.

My sister, who was many years older than I, returned from her last voyage about six weeks ago and was taken ill. She died suddenly, and though I was telegraphed for, I did not arrive in time to see her alive.

What I did see, however, was the room in which she was laid out stripped of everything that had ever belonged to my mother.

The corpse was there, but stark of belongings, as though my sister had been a pauper. And I noticed a valuable ring that had been my sister's shining on my cousin's finger.

To all my enquiries the same answer was returned: nothing whatever had been removed or even touched since the death.

This was corroborated by a neighbour in the same block of flats and who had been called in to help.

I accused both this woman and my cousin of lying. Further, I went to the police and asked that the flat of this neighbour should be searched, a request most unjustly refused.

So although I, as next-of-kin, have been able to pay the undertaker with the insurance money, I get not even a keepsake. Everything else has gone—money, rings, brooches, blankets, even the mats off the floor. Is such a fearful robbery to go unpunished?

"HUMANIST" says: How do you know there has been a robbery? Your letter condemns you as an utterly selfish person. Your sister nursed your mother; and your cousin in turn provided that sister with a home. You gave nothing. You get what you deserved.

CHURCH WORKERS' *Night Out*

I AM a typist doing well in a city office. This is largely due to the secretary of the firm, whom I know in a private capacity as an active worker in the church to which I belong.

When discussions for my recent summer holidays were afoot, this man asked if I would care to join a party of his friends who were visiting London. I eagerly accepted.

At first I was a bit disappointed. The party seemed composed of goody-goody folks, around whom our secretary fluttered like a moth.

I got a bit tired of it when we had spent two days sight-seeing, and I fancy one or two of the other young people felt the same.

At any rate, one of the girls suggested to me that while we were up in London we ought to see a little of its night life, and she proposed that we should visit a night club under the escort of a friend of her own.

This we did, when who should we see, on entering the place, but our secretary, accompanied by two or three others whom we had always regarded as equally pious.

My horror and disgust were unbounded as I saw this group smoking, drinking and dancing with women of questionable character.

After that one occasion I kept out of it, but I know this group spent every evening of our visit in the same or even worse way.

I hate all hypocrisy, so do you not think that instead of leaving this man and his friends on their pedestal it is my duty to expose them as arrant humbugs?

"HUMANIST" says: As you escaped monotony by trying to amuse yourself at a night club, I see no grounds on which you can stand as moral censor to your friends who did ditto.

Pot calling pan grimy is a farce always laughed at, so if you see to it that your own life is free from hypocrisy, that is all that is required of you.

Homely Wisdom by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Blessed INJUSTICE

A MAN living not far from me writes me a bitter letter, railing against churches and parsons and the whole paraphernalia of religion, because of what he calls the evident falsity of the things they teach.

He says his life has been blasted by an error committed in his youth. Never for a moment has he been allowed to forget it or escape the consequences.

This, he declares, is so monstrously unjust as to prove that there is no God, and that all the preachers and writers are liars who talk about divine compassion and mercy.

My reply to this poor chap was that I could see he only wrote as he did because he was unhappy, and that I believed with all my heart that there was something higher in life than bare justice.

Looked at broadly, life is full of injustice. If there be such a thing as either reward or punishment according to one's deserts, not many of us realise it in our experience.

A boy I know joined up at the beginning of the war while under the age of enlistment. He was an only son, and his mother a widow. The strain of the horrors of four years at the front was too much for him, and he lost his mental balance.

He has been in a lunatic asylum for ten years, to his mother's ever-increasing sorrow. Now she is dying of cancer, and her one dread is that of leaving her son without anyone to care for him.

No one in his sober senses would say that either mother or son are receiving what they respectively deserve, more or less.

The one sublime thing I see in it is the utter self-forgetfulness of the mother. Her one thought is that helpless boy, never her own agonies.

"If I were drowned . . ."

And were we not all deeply stirred the other day, when we read of a mother on a sinking ship throwing her child into the larger vessel that had rammed them? The little fellow said, sobbing, "Mumsie kissed me and then threw me over." She went down, but he was saved.

Well might Rudyard Kipling write:

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would come down to me,
Mother o' mine."

Can a man rise to this moral height? Why, yes; we all can; we all do at times; there is something in every one of us that responds to the appeal of such a deed as is here narrated.

What does it prove? It proves that there is a level of life whereon considerations of simple justice are lost sight of in the contemplation of a nobler ideal and a greater good.

If we can only love enough we cease to think of what is due to us and remember only what we can give.

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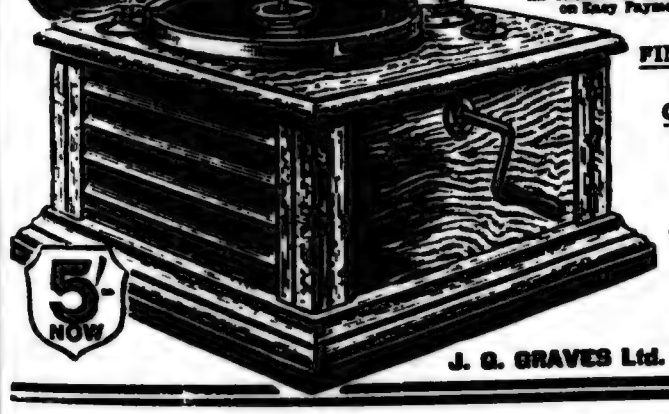

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on piles or throat before reading my booklet—FREE on receipt of 1½d. for postage. Chronic, Alcoholic, Tonsils and respiratory diseases can be successfully treated by my method. Consultations daily. Phone Langham 2200. Advice by post.

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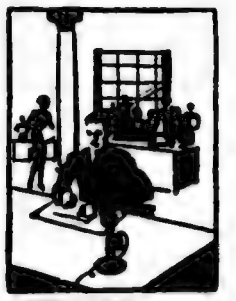
Don't WAIT For

SUCCESS



NOW is the time to look to your future; NOW—while the years of youth are yours—to examine closely your present outlook.

Determine **NOW** that you will **not** linger in the portals of procrastination but will take immediate advantage of such authoritative guidance as shall lead you to Promotion and Prosperity while you are yet young—and secure for you independence and financial stability in your maturer years.

Business Success is the simple and inevitable evolution of leisure hours well spent in the pursuit of Specialised Knowledge.

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You will find your course to success clearly charted in the pages of the Metropolitan College 124-page "Guide to Careers in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law and Commerce." This famous book is a beacon light which shows the way to promotion, executive responsibility and care-free independence. It tells how, through the medium of the Metropolitan College Specialised Postal Courses, you can assure yourself of quick and certain advancement, increase your income, and ensure a brilliant and prosperous future.

Post now this coupon for your copy, which will be sent gratis and post paid.

—COUFON—*Post Now!*—

The Secretary, Dept. G9/5,
METROPOLITAN COLLEGE, ST. ALBANS.

Please send me a copy of the Metropolitan College 124-page "GUIDE TO CAREERS in Secretaryship, Accountancy, etc.," to keep, without charge or obligation.

NAME .....
(in Capitals)

ADDRESS .....

John Bull,
Sept. 21, 1929. .....

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE Dept. G9/5. ST. ALBANS.

Tea-time temptations

Sailor Savouries Toast

At your next tea-party or whist-drive try Sailor Savouries Salmon Zest. Spread it on hot buttered toast—and don't be sparing with the butter! Salmon Zest has a special affinity for hot toast—and like all Sailor Savouries it's made and packed *fresh*.

Angus Watson of "Skippers" fame
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* * *

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Six Leagues. Nothing Barred.

Most Liberal Odds Combined with Security

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Write To-day
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Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"...Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

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Send for price list, every horse quoted.

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6 Leagues, 5 Leagues, 4 Leagues, etc.

NOTHING BARRED
IN ANY LEAGUE OR ON ANY LIST.

Send for the CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPON for fairest odds combined with ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

The WORM Turns

SHORTLY before going to France my battalion got a new colonel, who was a keen boxing enthusiast. As I was a professional, he appointed me as instructor, and ordered all officers to receive lessons from me.

Now, my company commander, although the heir to a peerage, was a bullying cad; he always tried to make my life a misery. He came for his compulsory boxing lesson, and, believe me, he got it.

He tried to have me court-martialled, but a severe reprimand and the loss of my "cushy" job were all the punishment I got.—*Joseph Miller, Sheffield.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 24.

What I'd Tell the Drink Commission

Turned to Profit

My employer habitually treated me as part of the office furniture, and ordered me about like a dog. For a long while the fear of instant dismissal made me suppress the strong resentment I felt.

But one day he went a bit too far, and, casting all discretion to the winds, I told him as man to man, just what I thought about his attitude.

To my surprise, he sat back in his chair, laughed heartily, and said, "Stout fellow, I did not think you had it in you."

We get on together much better now.—*W. B., London.*

Was He Pushed?

He was chief mate on a coasting steamer. I was an A.B. He bullied me unmercifully, and one day, with a shove, he sent me sprawling over a coil of rope.

I sprang up and gave him a blow, which knocked him clean over the rail into the sea.

Luckily no one had seen the incident, and, frightened at the result, I threw him a line and shouted "Man overboard." We had him back on deck in a jiffy, and, to my extreme amazement, he reported that he had fallen overboard.

The captain complimented me, and afterwards the mate and I were quite friendly.—*P. K., Blantyre.*

Too Assured

It was only when a county court judge decided against it that the industrial assurance company paid over to me the £100 due through the accidental death of my son.

Yet on the very day the belated cheque arrived the agent called to persuade me to insure another son for a similar amount.

It was then the worm turned, and the agent left abruptly.—*P. S., Durham.*

Curing Her

My wife loved pleasure, and often when I returned from a hard day's work a cold meal and a lonely evening awaited me.

After a time, I decided to cure her. On the following Friday I kept my wages and paid out the rent, insurances, etc. Then I gave my wife what I considered was the value of each meal served and each kindness rendered.

When she realised my intention, meals and home life improved, and after a week of the new, I returned with an ideal wife to the old regime.—*J. R., Bradford.*

Slate Loose

As a headmaster I have more than an average regard for teachers. There are, however, poor specimens in every profession. How well do I remember one in the elementary school I attended as a boy! The smallest offence met with a flogging.

One day I sat white-faced after a caning, when again he made towards me. Thoroughly sickened, I hurled a slate at him. Missing him, it smashed through a window. There was a hush, then pandemonium. In the middle of it all the headmaster walked in.

The sequel was the transfer of the flogger to another school.—*Dominie, Carlisle.*

Wee Wifie

For four years I bore the slurs and abuse of a drunken husband.

Then one night, after hours of nagging, I suddenly saw red. I smashed everything smashable and threw everything throwable. I smacked his face, I pulled his hair, I bit him, I kicked, and, to put the finishing touch, I did what I'd never done before or since—"got drunk."

But it worked, and to-day we are as Darby and Joan.—*Mrs. M. M., Cardiff.*

Limed

As an apprentice in a builder's yard, I once had the misfortune to undergo much vindictive persecution from an older workmate, whose robust physique and bullying methods inspired terror and made of me an abject worm.

A time came, however, when, suffering a bout of arm-twisting torture, I broke away, grabbed desperately at a scoop of lime, and threw it straight at my tormentor's eyes.

The outcome was a terrifying experience to me, as only by a miracle of science was his eyesight saved.—*J. Tullis, Glasgow.*

Premature

Adopted by an austere spinster, my schooldays were spent under a rule described mildly as tyranny.

I reached maturity under the same despotic influence, which was so pronounced that I was repeatedly offered accommodation with friends.

Shortly after meeting the girl who is now my wife the climax came, and I, the worm, turned.

Two weeks later my foster-mother died, and a will barely a fortnight old was produced, leaving a considerable and quite unexpected fortune to charity.—*Repentant, Bradford.*

Right Turning

I am only a small fellow. I had got quite used to knuckling under to whoever had a mind to put on me—the "wormy" kind of chap.

My wife was the only one who knew I (the worm) was capable of turning. But I have managed it.

Whilst my pals are mostly still crawling along, I have got round the bend, secured a job better than my last, and am in the running for a job as foreman, which will mean far better prospects for my family.

I thank the fellow who told me I was a measly little worm. I think I've proved him wrong.—*A. G., Sheffield.*

Absence Makes . . .

Happily married for several years, I then became one of the common "worm" family of ill-treated wives.

My husband got into a bad set, and became unutterably cruel. After suffering in silence for several years, never telling a living soul, I felt my reason giving, and walked out of my house one day.

It was now his turn to suffer. He couldn't trace me (I had obtained a good post in a distant town), and everything came out. This "worm" took the right turning by giving him a year without his "angelic" wife.—*Awakened, S. Shields.*

Whale Beaten

On being demobbed, I joined the whaler ———. Our skipper proved a decent sort until we had put a few days of blue between us and land.

Then the absence of "game," I suppose, made him cantankerous, and he made the crew, including myself, the objects of his wrath. His language was vile, and was sometimes accompanied with a kick.

While upon the high seas we could do nothing, but when we got back I was determined to have my revenge.

After several months we eventually returned, and there on the quay, alongside his own ship, I (the worm) turned. So did our skipper—turtle.—*Insectus, Rhondda.*

* * *

Letters in Little

On Sunday morning she borrowed two eggs, and I handed her two Egyptians. She complained most bitterly of their size.—*I. C., Notts.*

Each Sunday I had to rise early to accompany my wife to morning service. But last week I rebelled, and remained in bed till noon. From now on—but my wife returns from her holiday next week!—*Once a Year, Belfast.*

Though she had well-nigh ruined me, it cost me a tremendous effort to turn from her. Her name is Chance, and I am no longer a gambler.—*Plato, Bucks.*

I have now almost recovered from a very bad operation. The devotion from both home and hospital has touched me, and in future I will turn from a worm to something more human.—*John Davies, Lancs.*

I courted a girl and became engaged. Her father filled his ever-empty pipe from my pouch, and invited me to football matches—and I paid. His son "touched me" for innumerable small loans. Eventually I broke the engagement, and became—*A Bachelor Gay, Liverpool.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

That "DOUBLE" Again!

Lord Carnarvon

WITH eighty-four horses left in the Cesarewitch, and eighty-three in the Cambridgeshire, it seems a mug's game to attempt to find the big double; but while there are bookmakers eager to offer odds running into four figures, most of us will have our little flutter.

The double certainly "gets" me every year.

Many judges are of the opinion that Arctic Star is going to break records by winning the long-distance race once again.

They may be right, but a horse which has taken part in this gruelling contest is seldom the same afterwards.

Most stayers in training have two or three cuts at the race, and if they are ruled out from the start one can, by careful sifting, find half a dozen fresh four-year-olds from which to make a selection.

I have been over the list carefully, and I am taking two against the field—Clear Cash and Nepeta. I suggest coupling this pair with Ghost Train for the Cambridgeshire.

Clear Cash served us well when winning the Goodwood Stakes, and, with 7 st. 6 lb. to carry, he looks a tempting proposition.

The second string is the recent Doncaster winner. Lord Carnarvon's filly hails from the all-conquering Whatcombe stable, and is to be recommended on the score of breeding. She is by Blandford (the sire of Trigo), and is a granddaughter of Spearmint. Nepeta should stay for ever.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 19, to Wednesday, September 25.

N	R	H	I	J	X	4	Q	2	A	C	B	Y	O	W											
S	5	3	M	U	L	T	Z	V	K	F	E	D	P	G											

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. 4KWBSF would read TAG END.

"SILVER RING."

UNWIELDY HEALTH RULES YIELD TO 'ASPRO'

EASY METHODS - NO BOTHER

SIMPLICITY ITSELF - QUICK RESULTS

Rules and regimes to keep healthy are too numerous to enumerate. Most people find difficulty in adhering even to minor maxims. 'ASPRO' can make good health a simple matter. No special rules are necessary. Simply take 'ASPRO' according to directions and the causes of ill-health are removed, because after ingestion in the system it is antiseptic, anti-fermentative, anti-pyretic, and anti-periodic. It is also a powerful germicide and a solvent of Uric Acid, has numerous uses as a medicine—is easy to take anywhere under any conditions—dispels pains—stops colds and influenza at inception. A child can take 'ASPRO' safely because there are no harmful after-effects.

'ASPRO' Cannot harm the Heart and is absolutely free from FREE Salicylic Acid

READ WHAT USERS SAY:

HEADACHES AND BODY-PAINS DISPELLED BY 'ASPRO'

97, Tavistock Crescent,
London, W.10.

Dear Sirs, 14/5/29.

I suffer with acute headaches and have tried various remedies with little effect. Last Saturday I was taken bad with very severe headaches and pains all over my body. I thought they would never go away. At 6 p.m. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and again at 10 p.m. I took two more. I fell asleep soon afterwards and awoke quite fresh and as fit as a fiddle.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. M. GORDAN REYNOLDS.

PROMINENT PHYSICIAN PRAISES 'ASPRO'

STATES THAT PEOPLE WHO CANNOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN CAN TAKE 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' Effective where Others Fail

NON-TOXIC VALUE APPRECIATED

Scotland. 29th August, 1928.

Messrs. Gollin and Co. Pty., Ltd.,
Slough, Bucks.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to let you know of my experience with 'ASPRO.' While I have made no chemical tests, the CLINICAL RESULTS FULLY SUBSTANTIATE YOUR CLAIMS OF EXTREME PURITY. I HAVE FOUND THAT PEOPLE WHO COULD NOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN OWING TO THE GASTRIC UPSET IT CAUSED, READILY TOLERATED 'ASPRO.' Also doses of 'ASPRO' are effective where similar doses of other brands are not. It has also, taken at night, a mild hypnotic effect which is very valuable considering its non-toxic character.

If you will send me samples for general use I shall have pleasure in distributing them to certain of my patients.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) F. S..... (M.B., Ch.B.).
(Name withheld for professional reasons.)

"THE ONLY THING THAT DID ANY GOOD"

133, Brixton Road,
London, S.W.

Dear Sir,

I must write and tell you the benefit I have received by taking 'ASPRO.' I suffered with very bad headaches and 'Aspro' tablets are the only thing that did me any good. They were marvellous. I have also recommended them to a friend for Neuralgia, and by taking two or three doses he told me all the pains had disappeared.

Yours truly,
(Signed) MR. T. WILKINSON.

'ASPRO' GAVE RESULT—ASPIRINS HAD NO EFFECT

62, East Ella Drive,
Anlaby Park, Hull.

Dear Sirs,

Having had a severe spell of very bad heads, was advised to use your 'ASPRO' tablets and find they afford much relief. Shall recommend them as the price is nominal compared with other certain "Aspirins" which have no effect.

Wishing 'ASPRO' every success,
Yours faithfully,
MRS. M. FITZPATRICK.

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.' Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk: or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet: 6 to 14 years, one tablet: 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH AN IMITATION — 'Aspro' Does Not Harm the Heart

'ASPRO' brings definite relief in 5 to 10 minutes for

HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
INFLUENZA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
SCIATICA
MALARIA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, Bucks. Telephone: Slough 606

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

3D. 6D. 1/3 & 2/6 PER PACKET.

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS—TAYLORS—TIMOTHY WHITES—SQUIRES—NEEDHAMS, &c., STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

CICFA removes the cause of INDIGESTION

IN BOTH STOMACH & BOWEL

BECAUSE CICFA SUPPLIES NATURAL DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

The **CAUSE** of Indigestion is always lack of natural Digestive Ferments in the Stomach and in the Bowel.

When the Ferments are deficient in the **STOMACH,** the Albuminous foods like eggs, meat, etc., are not digested, with consequent Heartburn, Acidity and Feeling of Fullness.

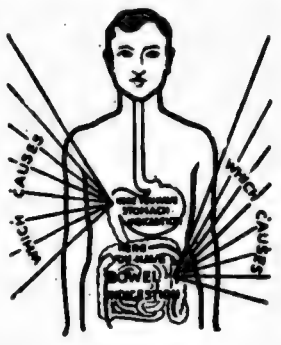
When these Ferments are deficient in the **BOWEL,** the Starchy foods like bread, beans, potatoes and bananas, are not digested, with consequent Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, and the misery of Constipation.

When CICFA is taken, Digestion becomes normal in both Stomach and Bowel, with gradual disappearance of Acidity, Flatulence, Constipation and that Feeling of Fullness, because CICFA supplies the natural digestive ferments. That is why CICFA removes the cause of Indigestion.

THE SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

IN THE STOMACH:

GASES in STOMACH with Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



IN THE BOWEL:

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

Read the following sincere Testimony to the Excellence of CICFA.

Barnstaple, 19/2/29.

"Dear Sirs,—I feel I must write and let you know the benefit I have derived from taking your Cicfa tablets. I suffered from Indigestion with Flatulence for years, and tried many so-called remedies, but they failed to do me any good, till a friend of mine recommended your Cicfa, and they really did me good. I shall always recommend them and keep them by me. Yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. A.B."

Travelling, visiting or eating away from home often causes Constipation. This is not the Liver, it is Indigestion. Take CICFA.

THOUSANDS OF BRITISH DOCTORS have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the satisfactory results they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE **1/3** and **3/-**

TEST CICFA FREE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

JOHN BULL, 21.9.29.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The guarantee appears in this issue on page 23.

Go "all out" for £500

JOHN BULL'S £500 must-be-won X-WORD

TURN on the "self-starter" and go all out for the JOHN BULL Must-Be-Won, Square and Fair Cross-word £500 First this week. The going's good, and everybody has an equal opportunity since no one may send in more than two attempts. Steer skilfully keep a sharp look-out at the "cross roads"—and you may easily "clutch" this great cash prize. In addition to the £500 First, there is a further £50 for runners-up. Solution of Puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL, on sale THURSDAY, OCT. 3rd. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale THURS., OCT. 10th.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 31, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity — no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), September 26th.

Closing Date Thursday (noon), Sept. 26th. ***Result of "John Bull" X-Word No. 28 appears on page 10.***

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully :

1. Fill in puzzle in the next column IN INK, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to—

"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 31), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, Sept. 26th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co. /, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull," on sale **Thursday, October 10th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, October 15th,** after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

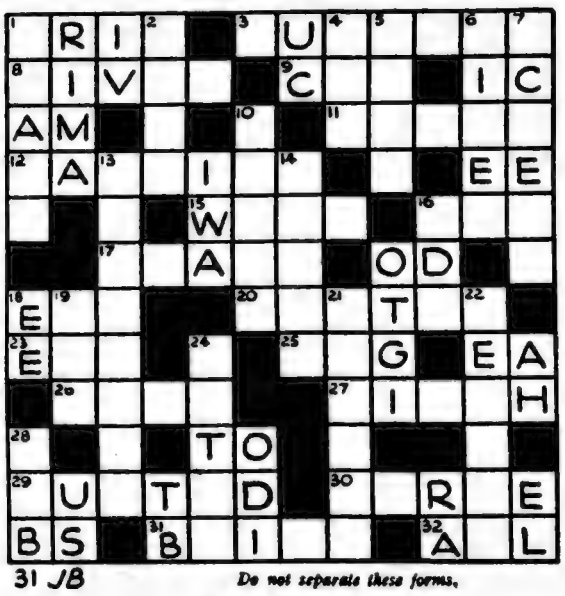
13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 31

Entry Form "A."



31 JB

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

31 JB

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon) Sept. 26th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Clues Across.

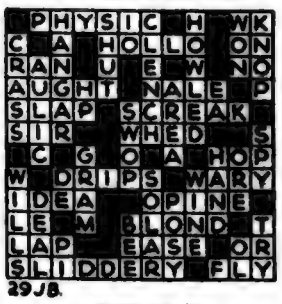
1. **Put in good order.**
3. **A simpleton.**
8. **Competitor.**
9. **Motor vehicle.**
11. **A fish.**
12. **Causing anxiety.**
15. **Put on guard.**
16. **A limb.**
17. **Lean.**
18. **Take food.**
20. **A church office.**
23. **Stray.**
25. **Man's friend.**
26. **Where money is made.**
27. **Thieve.**
29. **Pushed.**
30. **Weird.**
31. **Wood used for pipes.**
32. **Everything.**

Clues Down.

1. **Ground.**
2. **Brand.**
4. **An opening.**
5. **Increased in size.**
6. **More pleasant.**
7. **Plan.**
10. **Growl.**
13. **Limit.**
14. **Avarice.**
16. **Fuss.**
19. **Branch.**
21. **A vessel.**
22. **Rebound.**
24. **Speak.**
28. **Receding tide.**

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 29.



29 JB.

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 29 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

She couldn't POISON HERSELF

MRS. HARDING'S misfortune date from her marriage to a bombardier in the R.F.A. Perhaps he is not altogether responsible for his conduct, for he was badly wounded in the war.

From the first he kept his wife short of money that, in ten months she developed tuberculosis, due, the doctor stated, to insufficient feeding.

A baby was born, and to protect the child Mrs. Harding's mother, though exceedingly poor, frequently took it to her home.

About two years ago, after experiencing special cruelty at the hands of her husband, who had returned home drunk, Mrs. Harding attempted to poison herself. "Having my baby away and one thing and another," she said, "something seemed to snap in my brain, and I took it on the impulse."

When she appeared in court for "attempted suicide," the story of her husband's conduct was revealed. He was ordered to pay £1 weekly for her maintenance and 5s. for the child's.

That was two years ago. She has never heard anything of him since.

After treatment in a sanatorium Mrs. Harding came to London with her little girl. She took a furnished room, but was soon turned out because she could not pay her rent.

She left her baby in charge of a friend and wandered about seeking work. "But," she explained, "they all say they want someone smart. You can't be smart if you haven't anything to wear. Others say I don't look strong enough."

To trace her husband and compel him to provide for herself and the child is a forlorn hope she still cherishes. Meanwhile she needs a helping hand until she can find work. What can our readers do?

"The Greatest of These—"

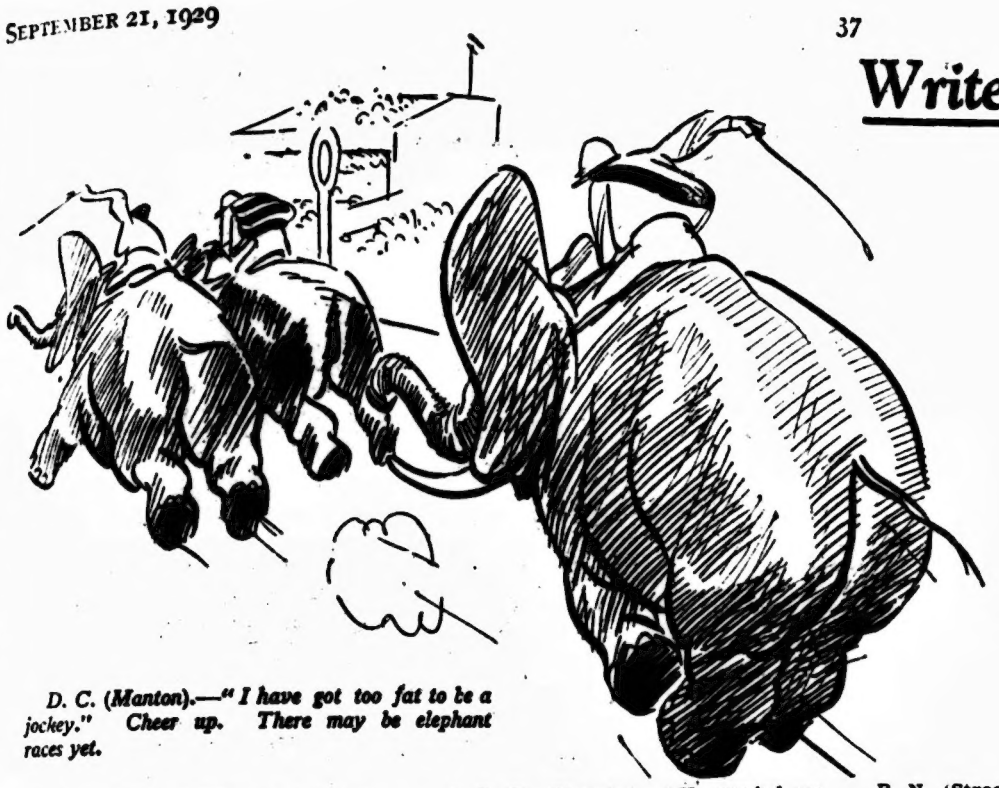
Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Howwood (Renfrewshire), 5s.; M. R., £1; Baby Dion (Dovercourt), 2s.; Nellie Bryant and Minnie Holman, 2s. 6d.; Sympathiser (Huddersfield), 12s.; Mrs. Johnson (Dollar), 2s.; J. Orfeur (Babbacombe), 5s.; Mrs. F. Brown (Southend), 5s. 3d.; Mrs. Harrison (Southsea), 10s.; A Competitor, 1s.; Peter McNab (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. H. (Lowestoft), 1s.; Mr. W. Aston, 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Manchester), 1s.; B. L., 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Foot, 6d.; W. Rowland, 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; L. E. E. C., 2s. 6d.; A. D. C., 1s. 3d.; E. K. (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. K. McCrorie, 1s.; A. L., 2s.; M. B., 2s. 6d.; The Ninth (Blackburn), 9d.; Anon. (Tunbridge Wells), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Twickenham), 1s. 6d.; Soor Ploom (Galashiels), 10s.; In Memory W. J. and A., 2s.; Anon. (Caithness), 1s.; Sympathiser, 10s.; Bella Maxwell, 2s.; Ynysybwl, 2s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 2s.; L. M. Bramble, 2s.; Anon. (Barry, Glam.), 1s.; A Sympathiser (Selston), 1s.; Three Lees, 6s.; A. P. N., 2s. 6d.; Ben-my-Chree, 5s.; Bullet No. 722, 2s. 6d.; Silksworth, 2s.; Reader's Mite, 1s.; Happy Holiday, 2s.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; Mrs. A. Thierry, £5, M. B. (Bedford), 1s.; C. E. S. (Braintree), 1s.; M. B. (Bedford), 1s.; Anon. (Fishponds), 10s.; Emily, 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Helping Others, £3; E. R. G. (Leicester), 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Irene (Seven Kings), 1s.; Flossie Jean (Pontardulais), 1s.; Anon. (Scunthorpe), 2s.; Ash Grove, 2s.; Latin, 3s.; Mrs. E. Matthews (Ebbw Vale), 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; In Hopes of a Winner, 2s. 6d.; E. L. C. (Darwen), 1s. 6d.; (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Gran., 1s. 6d.; E. H. (Merthyr), 1s.; Arras, 2s.; S. M. (Thatto A Ninth, 1s. 5d.; E. Coleman, 1s.; Sympathiser (Combe Down Offering), 2s. 6d.; Sympathiser (Combe Down), 10s.; B. S. (Shrewsbury), 1s.; Anon. (Stranraer), £2; C. H. Carr (Grimsby), 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; M. S., 1s.; In Memory of Jimmy Boy, 1s. 6d.; Extra, 5s.; J. A. E., 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. K. McCrorie, 1s.; Bowston Bridge, 3s. 6d.; Bulleter Brown, 5s.; Billie, 4½d.; Deep Sea, £1; Newport Crossword Winner, 10s.; Mrs. Bates (Rochdale), 1s.; Anon., 6d.; E. Simpson, 6d.; David Emanuel, 6d.; Anon., 6d.; Amybell, 2s. 6d.; L. J. M., 5s.; G. L., 1s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; "?" 1s. 3½d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from A Sympathiser (N. Wales), J. D. C. (Dundee), Thos. Parnacreen (Bicester), Mrs. E. (Berwickshire), Mrs. Riggs, D. M. S., Widowed.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)



D. C. (Manton).—"I have got too fat to be a jockey." Cheer up. There may be elephant races yet.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

THE EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

P. E. (Felpham).—"What is the hall-mark of a gentleman?" A silk topper on the hat-stand.

T. K. (Wimbledon).—"Man's inhumanity to man is notorious." But it sells those ringside seats.

CURIOUS (Caterham).—"I find that married men have generally little to say." And still less chance of saying it.

B. T. (Grantham).—"You can't blame me for my ancestors." No, but we do blame them for you.

F. E. (Ambleside).—"Most women learn to keep a secret by the time they are middle-aged." Yes, the secret of their age.

ARTHUR (Shoreham).—"I broke my false teeth after the train left Peterborough." You should leave railway buns severely alone.

D. T. (Frimling).—"Would you believe that I would rather drink medicine than beer?" It wants a bit of swallowing.

KATE (Kirkstall).—"Our dairyman upset a whole churn on the pavement." He must have seen the inspector coming.

M. B. (Brixton).—"A big-game hunter has often to go down on his hands and knees." Particularly when he's hunting a stud in the jungle.

A. F. (Paisley).—"My wife has a small shop and doesn't shut up till eight every night." Lucky fellow! Some wives never shut up.

H. G. (Bolton).—"Cotton stoppages mean a big loss to the whole county." Yes, they take the "cash" out of Lancashire.

G. B. (Crowborough).—"The number of 'suicide-pacts' between foolish youths and girls seems to be increasing." Yes—but it's usually called pillion-riding.

N. G. (Crosby).—"You don't often see a woman sewing tiny clothes these days." When you do she is probably making a frock for grandma.

P. W. (Harrow).—"A modern woman doesn't want a man to satisfy her smallest wish." No, she wants one who can attend to the larger ones.

D. M. (Loughborough).—"When I compose poetry I sit with my head between my clenched hands and groan." We read it in exactly the same way.

H. L. (Bristol).—"A girl baby is said to triple her weight in her first year." And she tries to halve it during her fortieth.

L. T. (Thorpe).—"My wife always changes her mind three times before coming to a decision." Perhaps that is her intuition just getting the range.

C. S. (Pimlico).—"How much should mothers tell their daughters?" Not much, unless they want to display their ignorance.

D. B. (Cheshunt).—"Why is it that married men are more successful than single ones?" For the same reason as a cat swims when it is thrown into water.

J. N. (Swindon).—"I have just read a book of seven hundred pages that makes me realise how insignificant man really is." A woman forms the same opinion without having to wade through a book.

M. E. H. (Hoylake).—"He carried me off my feet." And did you sit on him?

S. S. (Putney).—"I had half a mind to tell him what I thought of him." And only half the courage to do so?

R. F. (Walworth).—"A barmaid gets used to all sorts and conditions of men." And men in all sorts of conditions.

J. G. (Harwich).—"Pretending to be married is a risky game." But not nearly so risky as pretending not to be.

L. D. (Eastleigh).—"I have half a mind to get married." That's all you need.

J. G. (East Hanningfield).—"What do you think the best amount to put on a horse?" About six stone.

K. N. (Plymouth).—"I was held up the other night on the way home." A good thing your friend was sober.

E. W. (Wandsworth).—"Science can explain everything these days." Except why a motor-car makes a chicken think it lives on the other side of the road.

R. Y. (Liverpool).—"I do not see that buying on the instalment plan hurts anybody. There is nothing wrong." No—it's the paying that hurts.

J. G. (Westcliff).—"The Chinese Nationalist Government says that it is going to pay its war debts." Evidently it is not as Westernised as we had thought.

D. S. (Hull).—"I am trying to persuade our local M.P. to introduce a Bill forbidding the marriage of feeble-minded persons." Do you want to put Cupid entirely out of business?

B. J. (Whitstable).—"It is estimated that during its lifetime an oyster produces about 50,000,000 eggs." It is a good thing for you Whitstable folk that oysters don't cackle.

J. G. (Durham).—"There is one telephone for every forty persons in this country." And the worst of it is that they all seem to talk on it at the same time.

Miss D. N. (Croydon). — "What should one do in a traffic jam?" Keep sweet.

C. H. (Luton).—"I put all my money in a bee-farm." And got stung?

P. N. (Strood).—"From what does a tortoiseshell cat spring?" From a dog usually.

R. T. (Harringay).—"Are all your office staff now back at work after the holidays?" No—some are merely back.

K. D. (Clapham).—"I can withstand the talk of any high-pressure salesman." Thus illustrating the power of mind over patter.

O. R. (Selsey).—"A man has full rights in his own house against everyone but his wife." You've never kept a cook.

W. B. (Wrexham).—"The Post Office will not be able to reduce charges unless it gets more support." Well, we never buy our stamps anywhere else.

J. K. (Hounslow).—"I am married and want some extra work to do at home." You can't be married very badly.

W. P. (Dover).—"A ship in distress keeps sending out S O S—S O S—." And a man in distress keeps sending out I O U—I O U—."

T. H. (Beighton).—"What should I be able to get on my five-valve wireless set?" The local pawnbroker will tell you.

J. S. C. (Paignton).—"This is a plain, unembroidered statement." Turn to the "Bullets" page, embroider one of the "Examples" and £300 may be yours.

V. N. (Portsmouth).—"A ship can be controlled by wireless five miles away." That's nothing. Many a man is controlled by his wife fifty miles away.

E. G. (Stafford).—"It is the privilege of few to have their faces on coins." Most people are content to get their hands on them.

P. N. (Chelsea).—"Many young men are growing beards." It seems early yet to take precautions against the Christmas gift tie season.

P. H. (Rye).—"My fiancée is never out of my mind." But you are.

T. H. (Paignton).—"When I say a thing it goes." Come and speak to our car.

P. B. (Bognor).—"Is it possible to write with both hands?" Ask Edgar Wallace.

J. G. (Kelvedon).—"When you are stung by a bee, put ammonia on it." Yes, but what will the bee be doing?

B. C. (Templeton).—"I feel lazy today, so am writing this letter from bed." Do you often lie in bed?

P. N. (Colchester).—"The pedestrian should have right of way." He has. In an ambulance.

A. N. (Kettering).—"I am the master in my own house." When is she coming back?

A. B. R. (Rochester).—"A husband owes everything to his wife." And she generally gets it.

ETHEL (London, N.).—"In the new play I'm appearing in shortly I haven't got a single word to say." How long did it take you to learn your part?

MRS. F. J. B. (Brentwood).—"My husband is often detained at the office at night." He may only be trying to work out a better excuse.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS:—"Sally put her HANDS on his lips, with the OTHER dashing away her tears."

PONTEFRACT BUSINESS GUIDE:—"Road Racer Bicycles, at 10s. down and 2s. 6d. per week WHILE THEY LAST."

EVE'S OWN:—"A queer rushing NOISE filled her EYES."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"His chin was up and a sweetly contemptuous smile curled round his SLIPS."

DAILY MAIL:—"The inspector DEVOURED HIS FACE."

CANVEY NEWS:—"In the ABSENCE of the NON-EXISTENT fire brigade."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The women rose and cheered at the top of their LUNGS."

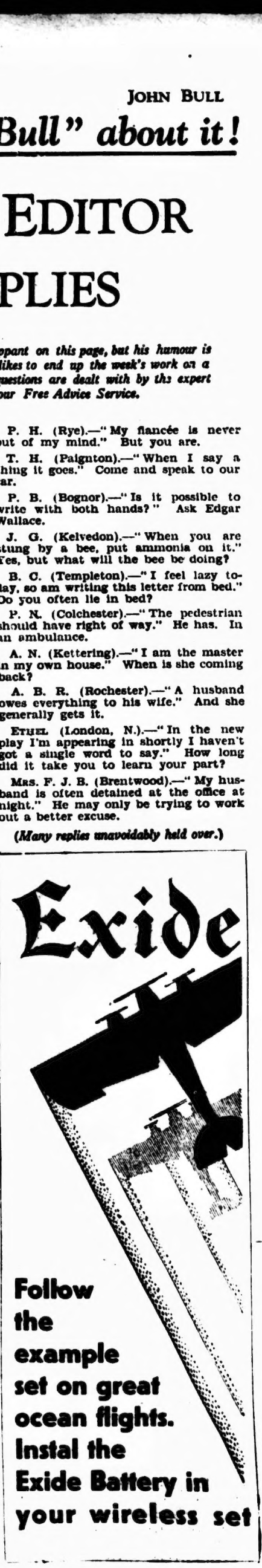
SUNDAY POST:—"But what a pity if the glad hand is withheld and the OPEN DOOR is still kept CLOSED."

VIOLET MAGAZINE:—"Tony smiled and flung a CURRENT into the Thames."

BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO:—"The justices imposed a 'DAY BY DAY' IN THE 'DAILY TELEGRAPH.'"

DAILY SKETCH:—"Galloway cattle . . . are ALL BLACK with the exception of the body, which is WHITE."

THE FRONTIER:—"Clemmie didn't rise to her feet but STOOD there on her KNEES."



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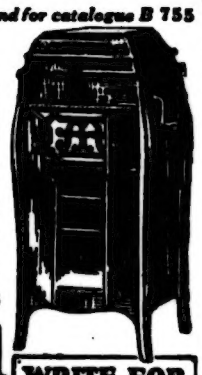

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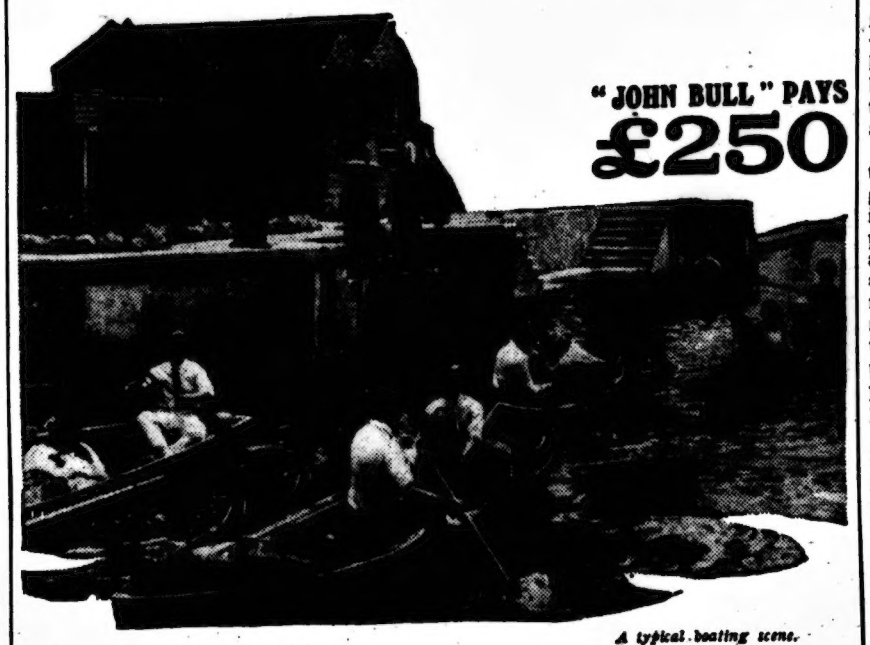

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Owing to lack of space we give the names of a few only who benefit this week.

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BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. Heath-1 Bk., 19, Bullock Street-Nechells.
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DARLINGTON.—Mrs. E. Park, 59, Thirlmere Road.
DOVER.—Mrs. E. H. Baker, 19, Limekiln Street.
DUNSTABLE.—Mr. Jos. Norris, 4, St. Peter's Road.
FORDHAM, ELY.—Mr. J. Johnson, High Street.
LEAMINGTON SPA.—Mrs. L. Morris, 17, Kenilworth Street.
LEEDS.—Mr. John Gould, 2, Sturdie St., Roseville Road.
LITTLEBOROUGH.—Mr. L. Briggs, 7, Barehill Street.
LONDON, S.W.17.—Mr. J. McGinley, 4, Tooting Grove.
NEATH, GLAM.—Mrs. M. Griffiths, 9, Alexander Street.
NEILSTON.—Mrs. J. Robertson, 64, Main Street.
TIPTON.—Mr. B. Gaskin, 47, Powis Avenue, Toll End.
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. E. A. Maskery, 61, Clipsley Lane, Haydock.
WALHAM GREEN, S.W.6.—Mrs. E. Nicholls, 121, Lewis Trust.

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S. FARNBOROUGH, HANTS.—Mr. A. L. Delement, 95, York Rd.
LEIGH, LANCS.—Mr. T. Nightingale, 6, Albert Place.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. H. Royds, 288, Gt. Western Street.
MARDEN, KENT.—Mr. Wm. Goulds, Style Bridge.
MARLBOROUGH, WILTS.—Mr. A. H Farr, Bottlesford.
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FEATHERSTONE, NR. PONTEFRACT.—Mr. G. W. Gregson, 5, Dickinson Terrace.
RUGBY, LEICESTER.—Mrs. B. Bolland, Dunton Bassett.
SPALDING, LINCS.—Mr. A. Webster, 11, Pinchbeck Street.
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ST. AGNES, CORNWALL.—Mr. J. Solway, Veronica House, Crasscombe, Trevellas.

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£2 per week

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BATLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. E. Terry, 7, Beckett Street, Warwick Rd.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mr. Thos. Potts, Hills Meadow Farm, Sharples Park.
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GREENOCK.—Mrs. M. Williamson, 4, Trafalgar Street.
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JAY'S Free Furniture Catalogue on page 2.

A Free sample offer of ELASTO, together with a special Free Booklet describing the discovery of this new remedy, on page 10. Write for your Free sample and Booklet now to Dept. 15L, The New Era Treatment Co., Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

An illustrated Free Carpet Catalogue is offered by HODGSON'S on page 10.

Two Free Dog Books are offered by SPRATT'S on page 12.

A Free Booklet, "New Light on your Mysterious Nerves," offered by the Proprietors of NONN, LTD., page 31.

An illustrated Catalogue of ALADDIN INCANDESCENT PARAFFIN LAMPS on page 32.

Seven days' Free trial offer of the VITAPHONIC SOUND BOX appears on page 33.

Send your name and address with the coupon appearing in the CICFA Advt. on page 35 for a liberal Free Sample.

MEAD offer Free Cycle Catalogue B.755 and Gramophone Catalogue G.245 in the advt. opposite.

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Mr. H. STEPHENS, 42, Robert Street, Ynysybwl, Glam.
Example :—A BAD SIGN
Bullet :—"COBWEBS" ON BRITAIN'S "PORTS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. ROTHWELL, 95, Fitzwalter Road, Sheffield.
Example :—THING OF THE PAST
Bullet :—"PARTY"—NATION WANTS "CONCERT."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. HOBSON, 6, Booth Street, Manchester.
Example :—IN THE DARK AGES
Bullet :—WE ARE—WE WAR!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. W. ALLAN, 23, David Street, Inverbervie, N.B.
ROUND THE CAMP FIRE—DOING AS *Romany* DOES.

C. BALLANTYNE, 7, Melbourne Place, Edinburgh.
SHE REFUSED HIM SO—HIS MOTHER'S ANGRIER STILL.

A. BLANCHE, 5, Roxburgh Street, Edinburgh.
MAN ON THE ROAD—SOUGHT LIVING—FOUND DEAD.

F. H. COLEMAN, 53, Christchurch Road, Southend.
A GATE-CRASHER—"SWALLOW-TAIL"—HENCE TALE SWALLOWED.

Mrs. M. DAVIES, The Bungalow, Nottage, Porthcawl.
TO AMERICA—"FATHERS" SAILED—SONS DRIVEN.

C. H. HAKE, 292, North Street, Bristol.
LYING LOW—"STORK," WHILE "PEACOCK'S" STRUTTING.

F. HOPKINS, 170, Manor Park, Lee, S.E.
PLAYING SOLDIERS—"THAT'S HOSPITAL—THAT'S "WORKHOUSE!"

F. G. MATHIAS, 113, Powerscourt Road, Portsmouth.
HEIR TO THE THRONE—TIRING POSITION—RETIRING DISPOSITION.

Mrs. L. MORRIS, 3, Jersey Road, Gloucester.
PLAYING SOLDIERS—"SERGEANT" PINCHED THE LEMONADE.

A. THOMAS, 50, Collenna Road, Tonyrefail, Glam.
BILL SIKES—"DRESS," HIS ONLY "REFORM."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. ADDISON, 111, Challoner Road, West Hartlepool.
BILL SIKES—"CLIMBS LADDER"—"ENTERS" SOCIETY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. CARTER, 45, West End, Witney, Oxon.
HEIR TO THE THRONE—"SPORT" THAT EVERYBODY FOLLOWS.

J. DARLEY, 16, Clarion Crescent, Glasgow.
THOUGHTLESSNESS—*Filled* SCOTCH PROFESSOR'S UMBRELLA-STAND.

P. FORDHAM, 2, Charles Street, Cambridge.
HELPING—MEDICINE—"TAKE HEART," TOO.

Miss E. HUBBARD, 37, Borough Road, Ipswich.
CUTTING WAGES—REDUCE *That* TO MINIMUM.

A. J. MACDONALD, 710, Pershore Road, Birmingham.
GETTING THE UPPER HAND—RAMSAY—SNOWDEN—HENDERSON—THOMAS?
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. McTIGHE, c/o Brown, Chemist, Sudbury, Suffolk.
NOW SONNY'S A SCOUT—"BE PREPARED"—HIDE BROOM.

G. H. PEARSON, 19, Bolling Road, Ilkley.
ANOTHER SURPRISE—"BUTTON B" RETURNED BUTTON.

Mrs. A. SMITH, South Bridge Street, Shefford, Beds.
SHE REFUSED HIM SO—HIS *Moneylender* COMMITTED SUICIDE.

F. THORNTON, 9, Southern Road, Southport, Lancs.
A GATE-CRASHER—BRIDEGROOM FEELS, ENTERING CHURCH.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

COMPETITOR'S IDEAL PRIZE-LIST

"CHOOSE your own prize-list" is the current *Bullets* motto, and the winning list in a recent "Bulletin" competition to test opinions has been adopted this week. It was fashioned by a woman, and her ideal series of awards allows for a large number of substantial cash prizes, headed by a £300 First and a Second of £100. It is now up to you to gather the threads of your imagination together and weave a well-phrased *Bullet*.

Yours is a very simple task; just select one of the Examples given on this page and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. If, for instance, you were to choose the *Example* POOR OLD BRITAIN, by adding the words PAYING YOUNG AMERICA PENSION," a complete *Bullet* is produced.

A study of the winning *Bullets* on this page is recommended; then start to construct your own, but be sure to send them in before Saturday, Sept. 28th.

Advance Details for "Bullets" No. 732.
First Prize, £400—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—25 "Edison Bell" Wireless Sets, each value £14—25 of £1—50 of 10s.—500 of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Snowden's Next Job—We Shall Never Know Her—Over—Legal Warfare—When Trusted—Man With A Grievance—Easier—When The Lion Roars—In Gold—Call Of The Wild—Fortunately For Us—Having A Bad Time—Closing Down—Lover Of Sport—Obliging—Like Thunder—Higher And Higher—Unofficially—Fair Offer—Complicates Matters—Running The Gauntlet—Cleverly—His Honour—The Air—Steady, Mr. Dentist—Blood Of Ink—Hugging Himself—After Mother—Winter's Coming And—Wireless Waves—All Except Cupid—"Stop It!"

(Closing Saturday, October 5.)

A list of 50 10/- winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 3 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

Choose from these Examples

POOR OLD BRITAIN
STANDS SUPREME
MUDDLE-HEADED
HE HAD HIS CHANCE, BUT
NOTHING SERIOUS
A SAFEGUARD
"DARLING;" HE WHISPERED
MAN I ENVY
SHATTERED ILLUSION
OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER
NOW
INDUSTRY'S TRAIN
SENSIBLE HUSBAND
OVER THE FOAM
ALL WE HAVE LEFT
OLD AND FEEBLE
THE GERMANS
TALKING TO HIMSELF
"HURRAH!"
ALL ROUND
WAR DEBTS
LAUGHING UP HIS SLEEVE
I'VE HEARD
THE BIGGEST FOOL
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN
LEAP IN THE DARK
UNLIMITED
WICKED PRICE
TO TELL THE TRUTH
FEAR
SMART WORK
GOOD-BYE, SUMMER

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 727 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. G. Cooper, 135, Bath Street, Ilkeston.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 731 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 28.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(731) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Use Two, Three or Four Words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 28.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(731) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 28.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(731) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 28.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(731) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 731, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

BULLETS' WIRELESS EXHIBITION NEXT WEEK! FIRST PRIZE £400

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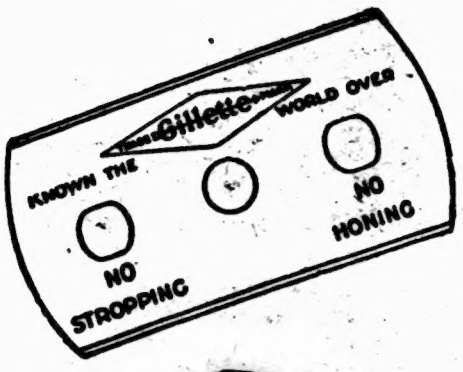

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